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no. 288

L. LXXIII

MARCH, 1921

No. 288

# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Reg. at U.S. Pat Off



THE REFUGEES  
(Detail of the Fountain of Time)

LORADO  
TAFT

*Entered as second-class matter March 1, 1897 at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879*

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EDITED BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

ENGLISH SECTION BY GEOFFREY HOLME

VOL. LXXIII.

NO. 288

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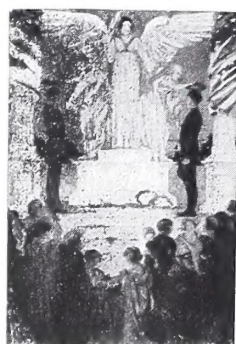
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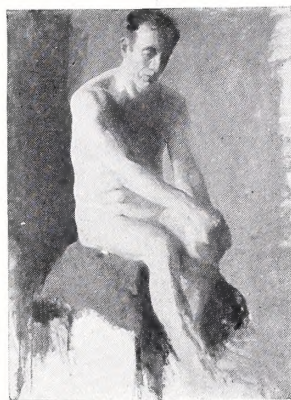
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A New Class of Museum Membership. In connection with the active campaign to secure new members for the Museum, and so to obtain much-needed funds for administration, a new class of Museum membership, in addition to the existing classes of members paying annual membership fees, has been created by action of the Board of Trustees under the title of Contributing Members. These are persons who pay \$250 annually, and are entitled to the same privileges as heretofore accorded to Annual, Sustaining, and Fellowship Members. When their contributions in the aggregate amount to not less than \$1,000, they will be entitled to be elected Fellows for Life.



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Feb. 28th-March 12th, *Paintings by Henry S. Eddy.*  
March 14th-26th, *Paintings by Herbert Meyer.*

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March 12th-31st, *Paintings by Gifford Beal.*

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March 1st-21st.

*Paintings by Charles H. Davis.*

*Paintings by W. Elmer Schofield.*

*Annual Exhibition of Society of Animal Painters and Sculptors.*

March 22nd-April 11th.

*Paintings by Jonas Lie.*

*Paintings by Gladys Thayer.*

*Water Colours by Childe Hassam.*

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Feb. 28th-March 12th, *Paintings by Robert Henri.*

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*Pictures by Bryson Burroughs.*

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TOUCHSTONE GALLERY,  
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Feb. 28th-March 12th.

*Portraits by Ruth Thomas.*

*Paintings and Drawings by John G. Liello.*

March 14th-26th.

*Paintings by J. E. Carret.*

## MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

**D**URING March there will be a further series of orchestral concerts at the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., and 81st St., every Saturday at 8 P. M. These concerts are free, being a gift of friends of the Museum to the people of New York.

The Editor of The International Studio knows of no more delightful way of spending a Saturday than this:

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Photo by Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

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## AN EXHIBITION OF THE ETCHED WORK OF JULIAN ALDEN WEIR.

From the Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Museum takes pleasure in announcing that on February 13 an exhibition of the etched work of Julian Alden Weir will be opened in two of the galleries of the Department of Prints. The exhibition is made possible by the kindness of the artist's family, who have lent the pieces necessary to fill out the Museum collection of his prints. With the exception of three plates, the unique (?) impressions from which were not available, every etching by Mr. Weir that has been discovered in the course of a painstaking search undertaken by the Department with the much valued aid of Miss Dorothy Weir is represented by one or more impressions. The exhibition may thus for practical purposes be regarded as containing Mr. Weir's complete etched work.

For many years it has been common knowledge that at one time in his career etching occupied a great part of Mr. Weir's attention, but how many plates he did or what the great majority of them looked like no one knew. Of most of them the very smallest number of impressions was pulled, the few exceptions in which larger numbers were printed being composed almost entirely of portraits. These portraits, especially those of his brothers, which seem to be the best known, have long whetted the appetite of the ardent collector for more, but even they are so rare that comparatively few people are privileged to own them. As a result of this, Mr. Weir during the last years of his life, while being practically unknown to the public as an etcher, enjoyed the delightful position of being regarded by the etchers of the community as the dean of their guild. Never was he too busy or too preoccupied to listen to them, to examine and sympathetically to criticize their work, or to give them aid in their problems, and many of them made large draughts upon his wisdom and his knowledge.

The rarity of Mr. Weir's etchings, like that of the prints by Degas, can be traced back to the fact that Mr. Weir, for some reason best known to himself and about which speculation is more or less futile, seems not to have cared particularly about trying to keep his etched work before the public eye. Possibly he regarded much of it as too intimate for wide public distribution, because etching was for a long period one of his most familiar aids and means of expression. During that time a plate was never far from his hand, and he turned to it continually in every mood just as at an earlier period he had

turned to the pages of his sketch book for the rapid notation of passing fancy and the registration of more pondered things. Most of his etchings were thus made by him "for myself alone," and there was no reason for ever printing more than the very few impressions that actually came into existence. Moreover, he was careless about them—at least from the selfish point of view of the collector—and he never hoarded them or, as so many etchers have done, regarded each slightest of them as containing a potentiality of financial profit. He made his notation on the plate, printed it, saw what he wanted to know, and in many cases promptly dismissed the whole matter from his mind so far as concerned any thought of ulterior use other than of a purely personal and artistic nature. A day might be spent etching landscapes with his dear friend Twachtman, they would be bitten in the evening, several proofs pulled, some changes made with scraper and dry point, several more impressions taken off, and in the morning when it came time to depart, the plate and most of the prints—sometimes all of them—would be left behind as things which had fulfilled their purpose.

Now all this is quite different from saying that he was not serious in his etching, for it is doubtful whether any other American etcher has ever been more serious about it. He constantly and in the most unsparing manner applied to his own work the same keen criticism that he applied to the work of others, for he was himself not only a great connoisseur of etchings but an ardent collector of the prints by other men which most appealed to him. Some idea of this side of Mr. Weir's interests may be gained from the fact that he was at one time possessed of one of the most carefully selected small groups of beautiful impressions from Whistler's plates that it has been ever been the privilege of the writer to examine, and that among his other prints were such important things as a number of Dürers, including the magnificent woodcut portrait of Varnbüler, and one of the three or four known impressions of the first state of the Melancholia. Among the less known prints which he valued highly, and the test of a man really lies in his appreciation of things which have not met with broad popular acclaim, were such things as some of the more remarkable of Goya's acquaints, a group of trial proofs of the mezzotints by Lucas after Constable, several superb Manets, and a number of the charming and ill-forgotten little plates by Hervier.

One of the keenest judges of quality of his generation, Mr. Weir himself did most of the printing of his own plates, and his great skill and sensitiveness to



this very important aspect of the etcher's craft are eloquently testified to by the group of his own etchings which the Museum was happy to acquire from him during the last years of his life. Nearly fifty in number, it would be difficult to find in one place an equal number of such beautiful impressions of the work of any modern etcher, each one inked, wiped, and printed with the most meticulous care and the greatest artistic conscientiousness to bring out the very best that the plate was capable of producing. Once one has run one's eye over them, it is obvious why the younger generation of etchers held him in such high esteem, because on this technical side, which after all is the only place where it is possible to make any comparative rating of artists' skill, he was beyond compare the most skilful if not of American etchers at least of those who have etched in America.

With his large head, burly body, and rolling walk one might have expected that his admiration for such artists as Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya, and Daumier would be reflected not only in his choice of subject matter but in his representation of it—but nothing could in fact have been further removed from the mark. One of the gentlest, almost may one say the shyest, of men, his work always suggested an aloofness from the turmoil of the world, its athletic excitements and major preoccupations, as though in such things he found neither interest nor profit. Strongly as he held his opinions, and often as he was puzzled, there was a sort of serenity and contentment about the man, a delight in the conveniences of pleasant intercourse and a great pleasure in the usualness of things, that forbade any too highly nervous reaction to the world. This studied moderation, showing itself in his preoccupation with surfaces and their qualities and in the complete absence from his work of what is has become fashionable to call "literary interest," seems almost to be a reflection of a theory of deportment, as though while he might be interested in the results of other men's bad manners and mental indigestions, for himself he preferred to keep aloof from any topic which might entail too ardent a criticism of life. In doing this he undoubtedly was fully aware of the penalty that he was to pay, of the fact that his work would never have the same stirring appeal to the commonalty that a mixture of strong emotion brings with it, but he was satisfied and happy to do the thing that he so much preferred, for he was as completely honest as it is ever possible for an artist to be. He avoided the histrionic as though it had been poison, and no one ever saw him either in life or in his work make a gesture for the sake of an effect. And

so in his little prints he is to be seen searching for the charm and the beauty that lurk in the commonplaces of a peaceful life: the beloved woman sewing quietly by the window or in the round of lamplight, the children's heads, the tumble-down boulder fence and the unhung gate that he saw on his way from the house to the New England hill-top, the group of fishing boats lying so languidly at anchor, the turn of the road around the little hill: all, from the most highly finished to the merest note, speak contentment, as though the utterance of a delightful and kindly man whose life had fallen in pleasant places.

Had one to pick out some single thing as being most characteristic of the man, doubtless, though after hesitation, one would say his friendliness, his quick going out to and sympathy with what many people unfortunately regard as the minor things of life. It is very easy to sympathize with the great emotions and to allow oneself to be swept away in torrents of excitement, for, after all, in matters of art, such things most often involve little more than a rather careless letting go of oneself, but always, steadily, to be responsive to the pleasures, the delight and, especially the sentiment of habitual things is much rarer and much more difficult. While for men of its day this may not seem so stirring in accomplishment, as a matter of fact it is something peculiarly gracious and comforting and most sincerely to be valued, for there is little doubt that in the years which see hot emotion and buskin tragedy fade and grow stale, the fainter, clearer perfume of flowers gentle as these stays always fresh, growing in sweetness as men's memories grow longer.

W. M. I., Jr.

## COMPETITION AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE "BOOK BEAUTIFUL."

BY OTTO F. EGE.

From the Bulletin of the Cleveland Museum of Art.

In the last fifteen years a remarkably rapid development in the revival of good printing has occurred in America. A significant recognition of this growth has been evident during the last eight months: in New York, Newark, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland and other cities, societies, libraries and museums of art have held exhibits not only of beautiful books but also of artistic pamphlets, broadsides, circulars and other forms of advertisement. Probably never before has there occurred such a national recognition of general printing as an art.

(Continued on page 10)



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# The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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MARCH, 1921

## *Without Prejudice*

DURING the past month one of the most popular figures in American painting has died—J. Francis Murphy. It was not my privilege to know Mr. Murphy personally, but those who knew him, and his circle of friends was large, tell me that they have lost in him one of the most lovable of men, modest, kindly, a true friend.

And so it is of his work that I must speak. Yet I would not. Mr. Murphy had the unfortunate faculty of making as many enemies with his work, as with his charm of personality he made friends. But Mr. Murphy is not without followers. His pictures have never lacked a market, and critics of standing have seen in his landscapes great art. Of these, Mr. Buchanan, who contributes to this number, is one, and for a sign that the heading *Without Prejudice* is not a mere phrase, his article is gladly included. Whether the finesse, the delicacy of treatment, the poetry, the wistfulness, the sense of impermanence; whether these qualities which Mr. Murphy's work undoubtedly possesses, will with the years outweigh his more obvious deficiencies, time alone will show. Mr. Buchanan has told me that he finds in Murphy the same qualities that he finds in Grieg. But then, Grieg is not a great musician. . . .

Recently many critics have been deploring the artificiality of American Art. This point of view was admirably put by James N. Rosenberg in his article "Ghosts" in the December number. "It seems to me that American Art shrinks from contact with American life. And I wonder whether such an art can be vital. . . . Art is not an escape from, but an approach to, life. And this gigantic life of capitalism, of the machine that has become a Frankenstein, has it nothing for art? . . . Yet the American painter turns his back on stuff of such a sort, seeks refuge at Woodstock or Gloucester and buries himself in Cézanne."

A formidable charge, and only too true in many cases. But not all. Not in Miss Eberle's case, for instance. George Luks pleads "Not guilty," and Gerrit Beneker, who paints in a steel mill, is acquitted without a trial.

Miss Eberle's contact with "life" dates from some years back when she went to live among the Russian Jews in Madison Street, on the Lower East Side. Her apartment consisted mainly of two large rooms on the ground floor, one of which she turned into a playroom for the children of the neighbourhood, and the other she kept as a studio. An assumed widowhood guaranteed her respectability and



## Without Prejudice



AN APPLE FOR  
THE BABY

ABASTENIA  
ST. LEGER EBERLE

admitted her into the social life of the street, while a wide circle drawn around the model's stand, within which no child not posing was admitted, ensured a plentiful supply of models. Miss Eberle was established.

Looking at the small sculptures now on exhibition at the Macbeth Gallery I became conscious of several things. I found that what had pleased me most on first view left me dissatisfied on closer acquaintance. Life is not enough. It is of no more value, artistically, to translate into terms of bronze the inhabitants of Madison Street than the householders of Fifth Avenue. Something must happen in the process of translation before they can take their place as art.

And that is why some of Miss Eberle's work does not gain, as all art should, on closer knowledge. It is too near to life, life undigested. Miss Eberle realizes this and in her later compositions has forsaken actuality in the search for artistic reality. Look for example at her *An Apple for the Baby*. This composition in her earlier manner would have been *Mrs. Jacobs peeling an apple for little Isaiah*. Now the personality of the sitter has been merged and while Mrs. Jacobs remains Mrs. Jacobs, she is also something more, she is *A Mother peeling an Apple for her Baby*. Something has been gained in the process, a

significance has been acquired. Mrs. Jacobs admitted her into the social life of the street, motherhood is more important to art.

Something has been lost, too. Mrs. Jacobs has had to leave some of her ego behind. And this suggests that Miss Eberle is still developing. In her first period (I omit all mention of her student days under George Grey Barnard, when she essayed classicism), she set out to model the East Side, *as it is*. Here is her description of Madison Street: "Italians were south of me; Poles were east; Greeks were west; and here and there were the lingering remnants of the earlier Irish races."

"The life of these races overflows into the street. The children play and quarrel there, the mothers buy, nurse their babies, and gossip, the old men creep out on to the front step to sit in the sun. Those who stay at home in Madison Street wear their clothes until time and use have shaped them to the vigorous full bodies beneath. They act what they feel. Life is always visibly interesting."

She achieved what she set out to do. Children, old men and women, mothers and babies



ANNIE WAX

A. ST. L. EBERLE



## *Without Prejudice*



THE STRAY CAT

A. ST. L. EBERLE

found their way into bronze, a lively collection of characters. Then illness intervened and she came back to the studio with a fresh mind, her memory of the originals dimmed. And was dissatisfied. She was conscious of a lack of form, of solidity. So she set to work to mould out of the memory of Madison Street something that should have both form and flavour, that should possess, in fine, permanent artistic significance apart from its subject. In this she has not quite succeeded. But that she will succeed, given the necessary strength, I have no doubt at all. In her *Yetta and the Cat Wake Up* and *The Stray Cat* on the one hand, and in *An Apple for the Baby* on the other, I see a very definite promise of something worth while. As an example of her power of direct portraiture I have included the *Annie Wax*. Combine the eye that saw this with the brain that achieved the *Apple for the Baby* and possibilities become apparent. Perhaps Miss Eberle's fault at

present is that she is working too much from the outside. Life is not enough, but neither is form. It is from the fusion of life with form that art springs. And fusion implies fire.

If Miss Eberle is seeking for style, for a fusion of life with form, George Luks, to judge from his exhibition at the Kraushaar Gallery, seems no longer to care for anything but vitality. Vitality his pictures possess in plenty. From *In the Corner*, that delightful study of two children plotting mischief, to the *Baseball Fan*, his canvases are alive. They



YETTA AND THE CAT  
WAKE UP

A. ST. L.  
EBERLE



## Without Prejudice



MATCHES MARY

G. B. LUKS

stimulate. Almost speak from the walls. One visit and I came away chuckling and rubbing my hands. "Luks is a big man, doing big things."

But a second visit brought doubts. I took the pictures one by one. Only one seemed entirely satisfactory, *The Old Duchess*, a canvas dated 1905. This had not struck me at first blush, but later it grew upon me. That old red-nosed hag drawing her cloak about her as she turns to disappear into the centre of the composition might have been painted by some old Dutchman. The colours have improved with years. They have gained a mellowness that contrasts with the somewhat harsh colouring of the later pictures. A picture to own, I would say.

At the other extreme the three large portrait canvases, the *Polish Dancer*, the *Portrait of a Lady*, and the *Czecho-Slovak Chieftain*, all painted recently. Frankly, I can make nothing of these. They seem to me sheer waste of good canvas. Enormous canvases, like posters for a movie show. Not even painting, simply drawing in paint, cartoons. Why? Why?

And then the two here reproduced, and other studies of old women and children. It is the old Luks still, masterly, vigorous, but

even more devil-may-care. Luks seems to have gotten a contempt for his public, which, however justified, will in the end react upon his work. It is as though some aspect of the subject had intrigued him, a head, hands, a basket of flowers. The rest is "filled in," hurriedly, contemptuously. Take *Matches Mary*. A fine head. Body solid, supported by the hand and stick. A perfect pose. But look at the rest. Look at the left arm. Is that Luk's masterly drawing? It's slipshod work, nothing more nor less. Or take the *Baseball Fan*. That has the makings of a big picture and is—a study for one. Will George Luks let his name rest on such work? Yet these are as fine as anything in the show. Even *In the Corner* is not a "finished" work. It is a brilliant sketch in oils. And it will not wear. Devil-may-care Luks had best look to his laurels.

The presiding genius at the Pennsylvania Academy this year is, in more ways than one, John Singer Sargent. Perhaps the Hanging Committee felt this, for they induced Messrs. Knoedler to loan them two magnificent portraits, the *Carolus Duran* and the *Mrs. Kate Moore*. These now hang in the places of honour and survey their vassals.

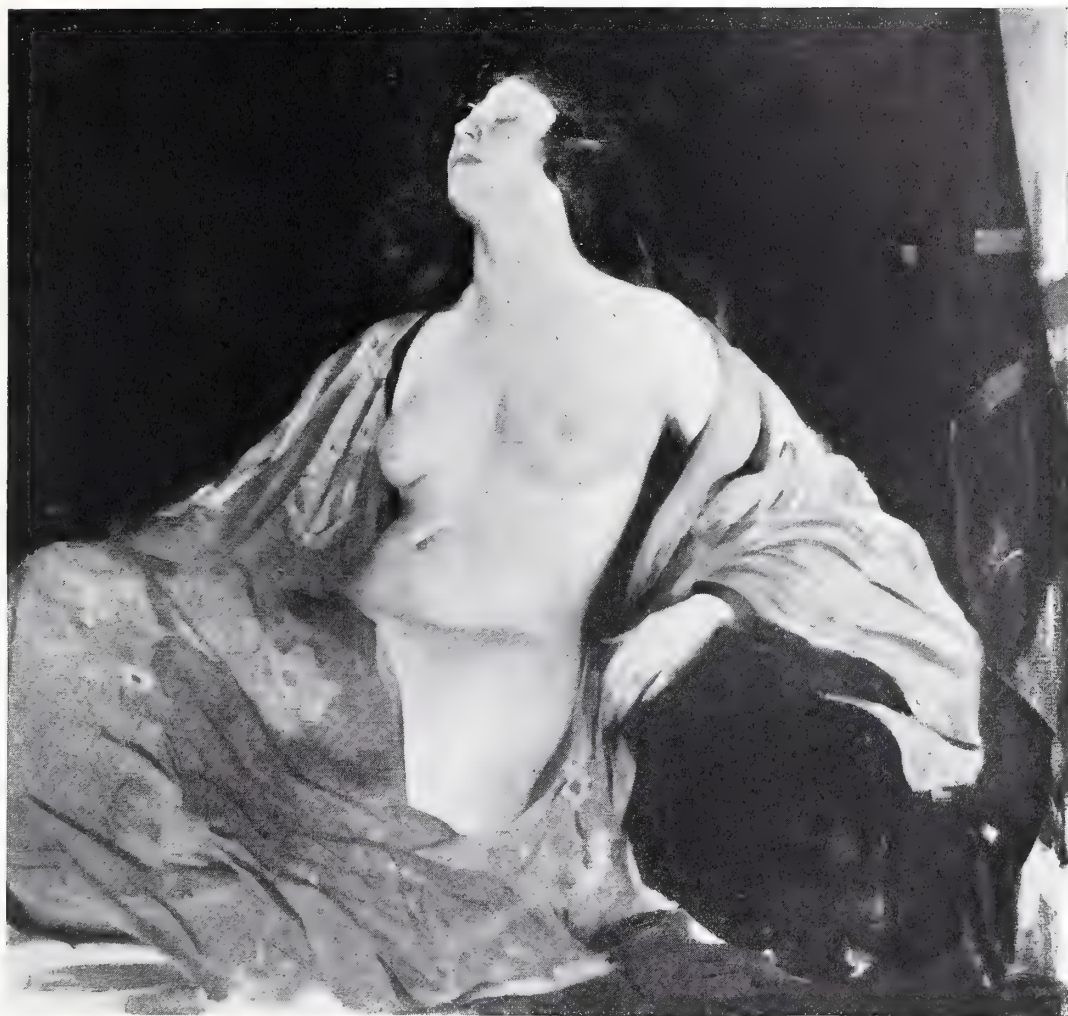


THE BASEBALL FAN

G. B. LUKS



## Without Prejudice



A MODEL

LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

All of which is not to say that Melchers, Bellows, Sloan and Co., have dropped their own particular idiom and adopted the Sargent formula. Far from it. They have only, temporarily I hope, omitted from their artistic recipe that indefinable quality which, as we saw in the last number, make Whistler and Sargent extremely uneasy bedfellows.

About the leaders then, there is little to be said. Bellows shows his *Eleanor, Joan and Anna* (December number), and another strong portrait. Melchers, a large canvas *MacPherson and Macdonald*, a Scottish piper and drummer. Hassam his ubiquitous *Lady and Bust*, and characteristic landscapes, and so on, down the list. All running true to form.

The interest of the exhibition centres in the lesser men. Probably Seyffert will resent being included under this heading, but his dignity may be appeased when I say that, in my opinion at least, the two portraits *A Federal Judge* and *Mr. W. H. Barnes*, together with the nude *A Model* place him finally in the front rank—of *painters*, remember.

Another man who comes out very strong is Robert Susan, who shows two portraits, *The Golden Screen* and *The Connoisseur*, the latter of Mr. Eugene Castello. Probably *The Golden Screen* has attracted more attention on account of its vivid colouring and bold modelling of the head. It is extraordinarily clever,





WYOMING

C.  
RUNGIUS

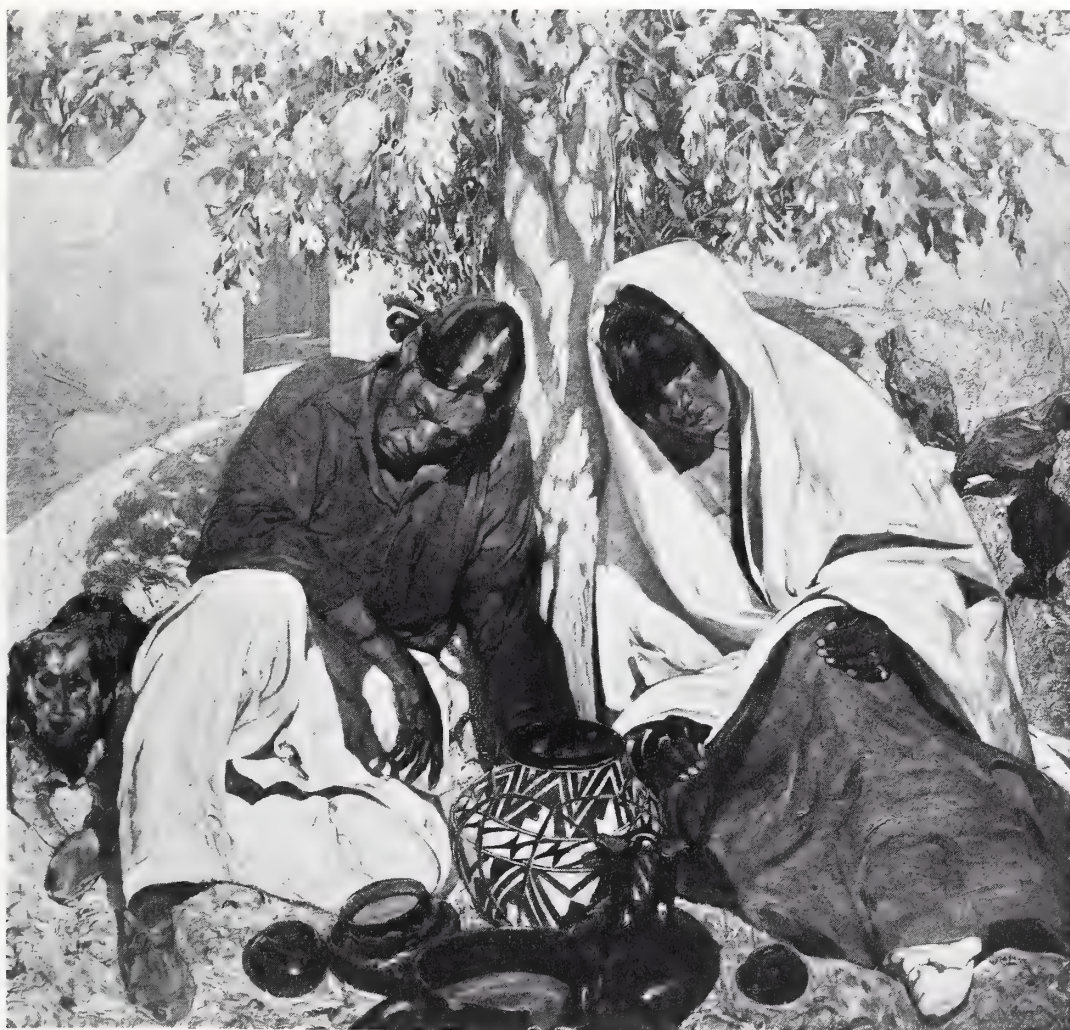
RAIN,  
THUNDER  
AND  
LIGHTNING



HORATIO  
WALKER



## Without Prejudice



AUTUMN

WALTER UFER

but I wished that Mr. Susan had not let his line tail off in the treatment of the hands. This was the more striking that Sargent's *Carolus Duran* hung close by, and in the composition of each the hands and head are balanced.

Walter Ufer strikes an original note. I like his work immensely. It is strong and supple, both as regards line and colouring. It gives the effect of ease, which so many painters lack. Rungius, for example, although his *Wyoming* pleased me. Theatrical, some one remarked, and that hits it. But very alive, all the same.

Horatio Walker is uneven, but his four canvases make a good showing. He too tends to exaggerate. His night scenes would need very little adaptation to be used as settings for

ghost stories. Perhaps he rolls his r's too much. Still, in a prose exhibition a little ranting is agreeable.

Chauncey Ryder shows a really fine landscape, *Mount Lovewell*. Utterly simple, it is the most refreshing picture in the exhibition. "Clever, clever" is not written all over it. Consequently it got no prize.

I like Hawthorne's work. His *Mother and Child* contrasts with the other figure pieces in its utter lack of assumption. There is no scene painting, almost no third dimension. The paint is laid on very thinly, so that the texture of the canvas is visible. The whole has a delicate charm conspicuously lacking in the exhibition as a whole.

Perhaps Ipsen's *A. D. 1867* has in it more of real poetry than any other picture there, if



## Without Prejudice



THE CONNOISSEUR

ROBERT SUSAN

we agree to exclude from discussion the Murphy, Crane, Dewing room. Style, one exclaims, and on second thoughts romance too. A subtle romance. Which means that the romance was in the artist, not in the means employed.

Of course, all Carlsen's work has poetry, and especially his seascapes. But he is happier in quiet or frolicky seas. His storms do not convince.

On the whole, however, a decidedly prose exhibition. Few surprises, if we except Glackens' Renoir *Child in Chinese Dress* and Symons' two non-snow pictures. The hanging is excellent, though I should like to have seen Johansen's *Approaching Storm* on the line.

I have received the following note on the Segantini in the Swiss Exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, which is reproduced on page xxxiv:

"Although widely known and highly esteemed on the Continent and also in England, where a fine example of his work hangs in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, it is a singular fact that America has proved notably backward in appreciation of the art of the great Italian-Swiss master, Giovanni Segantini. There can, however, be no question but that the virtual founder of divisionism whose luminous views of Alpine scenes have long been famous abroad is one of the enduring figures in contemporary art. Although Segantini died in September, 1899, at the age of forty-one, he left behind him works that take their place alongside the production of the foremost modern masters—beside that of Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, with the latter of whose aims and technique he displays certain natural affinities. Yet whereas Van Gogh was troubled and intensive, the pictorial inspiration of Segantini rises to a plane of serene and exalted universality which has no parallel in contemporary painting.

"Unusual interest attaches in the current exhibition of contemporary Swiss art now on view at the Brooklyn Museum to the important canvas by Segantini herewith reproduced. A fitting companion to its predecessor entitled *Spring in the Alps*, which is in the possession of J. Stern, Esq., of San Francisco, *Spring Pastures*, is by many considered to be the finest of Segantini's Alpine cycle. In his 'Modern Artists,' Dr. Christian Brinton refers to the series in the following terms: 'Whatever be the claims of his earlier work, it is certain that with *Ploughing in the Engadin*, *Spring in the Alps*, *Alpine Pastures*, and *Spring Pastures*, Segantini attained his fullest vision of definite, external beauty expressed in its simplest, most enduring terms.' Luigi Villari in his volume devoted to the life and art of Segantini speaks of *Spring Pastures* as being perhaps 'the most beautiful of the whole series.'

"It would indeed be unfortunate should this painting not find a permanent home in one of the leading Museum or private galleries of the country."



## *J. Francis Murphy*



BARN AND STUBBLE

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

### J. FRANCIS MURPHY BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THERE is no doubt that an ideal criticism should concern itself with a sheerly abstract consideration of esthetic principles. In an ideal world this would be possible. Unfortunately, we live in a world where the peculiarly perverse passion for destruction still persists. Criticism appears curiously obsessed by a kind of rankling animosity towards all conspicuous achievement. Its essential inclination seems to be to disparage rather than to commend. As a result, one is sometimes forced into combative and belligerent attitudes, and compelled to adopt the tactics of the press-agent and the propagandist.

The case of J. Francis Murphy—in the opinion of the present writer one of the loveliest painters of landscape that this or any other country has produced—is a conspicuous case in point. The history of art, full to over-

flowing though it is with anomalous and distortive appraisals, has nothing to show more provocative than the attitude of condescension and overt hostility to which he was subjected. No consideration of Murphy's record that failed to emphasize this matter would be complete. I call attention to it in no spirit of petty antagonism, but simply because it is absolutely necessary to refute the stereotyped opinions that refused Murphy an open trial, so to speak; condemning him, often, without even so much as a casual consideration. One of the foremost papers of this city consistently withheld a mention of his name from its pages: the thing was obviously premeditated, and everyone perceived its significance. One of the leading critics of this city—the only one, in fact, that has consistently broken a lance for American painting—detected a "formula" in Murphy: the impeccable beauty of Murphy's craftsmanship did not claim his attention. As for our cognoscenti—well, one dared not mention Murphy's name in their presence.



## *J. Francis Murphy*

To any one with an instinctive knack for apprehending the essential gist of things, it was perfectly apparent that the irrational and virulent abuse heaped upon Murphy was the surest indication one could have of his essential significance. Murphy incurred the penalty paid by all men of genius for their deplorable mistake in achieving a conspicuous popularity. It is a fundamental tenet of a certain kind of ultra artistic cult that art and a popular appeal are incompatible. "It is easy enough for me to like Murphy," someone once said to me, "but I do not allow myself to." These exquisite persons, who gather together in precious and exclusive conclave, cannot conceive of art as anything other than a kind of factitious, esoteric thing. They have transcended our mortal sentimentalities: not quite certain in their own minds as to those subjective and arbitrary formulas by which they shall define their ideals of an authentic art, they are yet implacably determined that nothing that appeals to us shall appeal to them. They dare not admit the obvious for fear of compromising themselves, and, in common with a large majority of mankind, they will invariably prefer a complex explanation where a simple explanation would serve the purpose just as well.

Curiously enough, Murphy occupied a position strikingly similar to that occupied by the composer Grieg during his life-time. It will be readily recalled that Grieg was dismissed by the rank and file of professional critics and musicians as quite beneath contempt. "Very pretty," they would say, "but"—and, as Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason has it, a significant shoulder-shrug completed the sentence. Grieg was "small." He had confined himself to the sterilizing limits of an "idiom." His music was popular with "amateurs." The very same sort of thing was said of Chopin, one of the world's half dozen greatest musicians. This sort of thing always has been and always will be said by the professional contemporaries of the artist as regards any art that is fundamentally human in its appeal. It is very easy to see that a Debussy or a Scriabin, a Francis Thompson or a Walter Pater, a Davies or a Gauguin (if I may be allowed these somewhat incongruous juxtapositions) are "artistic."

These men are concerned with a sheerly decorative kind of loveliness, and in accepting them we secure ourselves against the risk of being suspected of naive and sentimental inclinations. It is not so easy to perceive that back of the apparent simplicity of Murphy there was a consummate craftsmanship that transcended a mere obvious artifice. As is the case with all great art, Murphy's simplicity was a deceptive simplicity. The fundamental humanness of his point of view deceived his critics. It was perfectly apparent to them that Mr. Tryon or Mr. Alden Weir were delightful and accomplished artists: these gentlemen were concerned with the old tradition of subjecting nature to artful transpositions wherein it became a pleasing and decorative thing through the process of divesting it of its inherent identity. Murphy, to the contrary, took a bald, stark, actual nature, and put it on canvas, retaining and revealing its intrinsic characteristics. The thing had simply never been done before. Other painters had subjected nature to exquisite re-adjustments; Murphy's art never sought to repudiate its elemental affiliations. It rose out of the soil with something of the heartfelt quality of a folk-song. It was a veritable dialect of painting. It was dismissed as prosaic, timid, inconsequential.

Yet the fact remains that this alleged replica of outworn modes, this "formulist," this "standardized pot-boiler" (what has Murphy not been called!) developed from a patently imitative early and middle period into the most sheerly original landscape painter this country has produced. The seeming extravagance of this statement will arouse resentment and ridicule: the writer makes it out of a profound conviction. There can be no question but that Murphy supplies us with a unique something at once so peculiarly lovely and deceitfully simple that it is safe to say we have not yet scratched the outer surface of its significance. The essential Murphy (not the commercial Murphy of the sunset and the pool of water, but the incomparable Murphy of stark, infinite uplands; of arid, frugal desolations) is as yet practically undiscovered. True, certain persons have apprehended some part of Murphy's strange and recondite



## J. Francis Murphy

significance, but they have been few in number. Honorable mention must be accorded the reviewer who wrote in "Town Topics," issue of May 4, 1911, as follows: "English landscapists are far superior to the modern French, but the best of them sinks to insignificance compared, for instance, with the imaginative clothing with which our own J. Francis Murphy has invested his capital *On the Brow of the Knoll*. Artistically, there is nothing finer in the show. How Pittsburgh juries, so far, have sidestepped honouring Mr. Murphy's art is worthy of lengthy comment." Bloomers, the Dutch painter, ranked Murphy above Inness. "Depend upon it," he said to me, "he is your greatest painter." I have never gone so far as this. It is obvious that Murphy did not reach the heights of spiritual exaltation, of exalted vision that mark the art of Inness a sovereign and incomparable thing. The point that a future, free from hostility and prejudice, will make clear, is that Murphy achieved a miraculous equilibrium maintained between a uniquely literal point of view and an impeccably beautiful workmanship. It is possible to contend that what Murphy expressed was not worth expressing; it is unthinkable that his extraordinary technical equipment should pass unheeded. Other painters have achieved infinitely higher reaches of imagination and a more copious and plausible sensuous appeal: no painter has accomplished so superlative a fusing of a consummate loveliness and a fundamental veracity. Paint with Murphy seemed to transcend its medium and to take on a kind of occult quality. Looking at a picture of Murphy's best period, one is not conscious of paint; paint ceases, so to speak, to represent nature; it becomes nature; and yet it accomplishes this miraculous transformation without a loss of its sheerly decorative beauty. For there can be no doubt that Murphy's "texture" is as permeated with that mystic, marvellous, indefinable something we call beauty as is Vermeer's; cut a square of canvas out of one of Murphy's pictures, and you have a something that will elicit wonder and admiration and proclaim its kinship with loveliness if you found it in the middle of the Sahara Desert. But Murphy's appeal was a human appeal; as in the case of Inness,

though less comprehensively, it penetrated to the very innermost core of our recollections ("I paint the woods I saw as a boy," he once said to me); and, as a result, it was dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration.

As one looks over the charges that have been brought against Murphy, the thing that strikes one is the superficiality of sophisticated artistic opinion. The commonest charge brought against him—namely, that he painted according to a kind of formula, repeating himself monotonously—is the sort of thing that has been said of every artist from time immemorial that has expressed himself through a sharply individualized and unmistakable idiom. When Percy Grainger played Debussy in Berlin years ago, the famous pianist, Busoni, after looking over the score a moment said: "Ah, he has a system!" Every page of Debussy proclaims its origin. The same thing may be said of Grieg, of Chopin, of Swinburne, of a hundred others. In painting, one thinks instantaneously of Corot. The amusing thing is that when Corot repaints Corot, or when our own Mr. Tryon turns out with a stultifying persistence his middle distance line of trees, or when Mr. Dewing gives us his inevitable figure, it is all right; when Murphy repeats himself it is all wrong. The truth is that the very greatest artists escape the rut of stereotyped expression because of the all-inclusiveness of their point of view. But as art gains in breadth, it loses, often, a kind of exquisite fineness of personality. It is a question whether Murphy's vision—primitive and parochial though it was—did not achieve a deeper penetration into the truths of nature than any other painter of whom we have record. Certainly, no one has observed more finely or represented with a more inspired accuracy the infinitely subtle play of local colour in a tangle of branches thrown against the sky, or detected so cunningly the infinitesimal variations and gradations of colour contained in a clump of underbrush. Certainly, no one has ever painted a foreground as Murphy paints it. And certainly, no one ever surpassed him in beauty of line. In this connection he has been compared to Corot; but a significant aspect of the matter has been overlooked. Corot



## *J. Francis Murphy*



*Courtesy Milch Gallery*

UPLAND PASTURES

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

achieved the invariable beauty of his line by a partial subordinating of fact to the exactions of a decorative loveliness; Murphy achieved a decorative loveliness as a kind of side issue to his essential intention of placing before us the intrinsic qualities and characteristics of an elemental actuality.

It is possible to argue that our standards of art are fallacious. It is possible that we have been absurdly in error in assuming that art had anything whatsoever to do with the facts, the emotions, the experiences of human existence. To those persons that are dismayed and intimidated by the intricate theorizings and wholesale disparagements of the "modernists" there is only this to be said: If the premise of the modernist is correct—namely, that art is a thing absolutely aside from human emotion, that it is a sheerly abstract thing—then, it stands to reason that the conclusions they draw are correct. Of course, this means that eight-five percent. of the art of the last four hundred years will have to be thrown into the great cosmic discard. The entire

Barbizon School and the Dutchman will have to go. In music, Stravinsky, Debussy and Ornstein will witness the elimination of such impossible banalities as Tchaikovsky, Wagner and Richard Strauss. Poetry? But I must desist. The reader will get my meaning and pardon a seeming discursiveness, necessitated, to a certain extent, by the prevalence today of certain radical theories essentially sophisticated, artificial and excessive. Our modernist friends look upon those of us that believe art to be a sublimated record of the hurts, wants and idealizations of humanity as childish creatures pathetically avid for familiar satisfactions: we, for our part, think that their attitude is essentially cheap, and that they are lacking in that degree of fineness necessary for an appreciation of elemental grandeurs and spiritual implications. However this may be, we know that, judged by the standards that have come down to us through the past, Murphy was a superlatively beautiful painter. He achieved the highest distinction that can come to the artist—namely, to be misunder-

## *J. Francis Murphy*

stood and depreciated by the critics of his own time and generation. He succeeded in satisfying neither the radicals nor the academicians. "There remained in his work the faintest hint of a studio gesture," says the excellent Mr. Royal Cortissoz—a point of view, by the way, that deserves to stand in the front rank of the myriad oddities and anomalies of the history of art criticism. A studio gesture, indeed! Why one of the things that stood between Murphy and a conventional comprehension was the fact that he put on canvas the very *feel* of nature! No one has ever interpreted with so affectionate and inspired a divination, the homely aspects of naked and disabled areas, of disconsolate uplands, of the loneliness and the peculiarly wistful pathos of field and farm. Compared to the sheer, stark reality of these primitive and aboriginal representations, a Corot would

seem cursive and artificial, a Monet essentially factitious, an Alden Weir experimental and unconvincing, a Tryon plausibly and fluently insincere. Murphy never lost the original vigour of the pioneer type; he grew out of a humble, necessitous environment, and he retained something of that kind of clairvoyant shrewdness which one observes at times in the peasant, the back-woodsman, the sea-faring man. Of an alert, nervous, inquisitive type of temperament, he developed, artistically speaking, to the day of his death. Personally, I do not doubt that he will eventually rank higher than any other painter of landscape this country has produced, with the possible exception of George Inness. His position is unassailable so long as the human race retains its capacity for the appreciation of fundamental truth and genuine beauty.



*Courtesy N. F. Montross*

A SHOWERY AFTERNOON

J. FRANCIS MURPHY

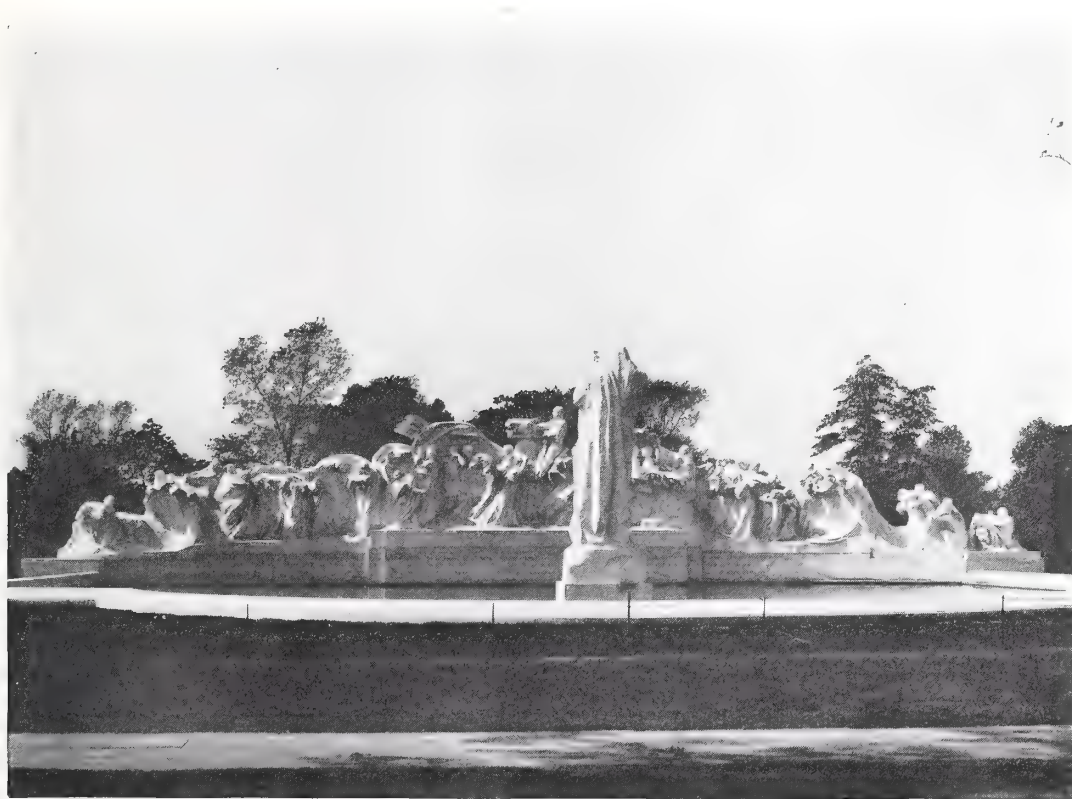




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THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME

LORADO TAFT

### **A** MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION LORADO TAFT'S FOUNTAIN OF TIME BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

When I visited Lorado Taft in his studio he was hard at work on the head of an old man, and so engrossed on the model that I had the pleasure of watching his deft fingers smoothing down the clay without being observed.

Suddenly, his long, slight face, noticeable for the high arched eyebrows and the expressive eyes met mine. He remarked, "I suppose you are here to learn something definite about my group 'Fountain of Time.'"

I answered that it was this exactly. I knew that the great model has been in the Midway, erected with a part of the proceeds left by the Ferguson fund; and what was to happen next?"

Without any further delay Mr. Taft led me up a short flight of steps to his large

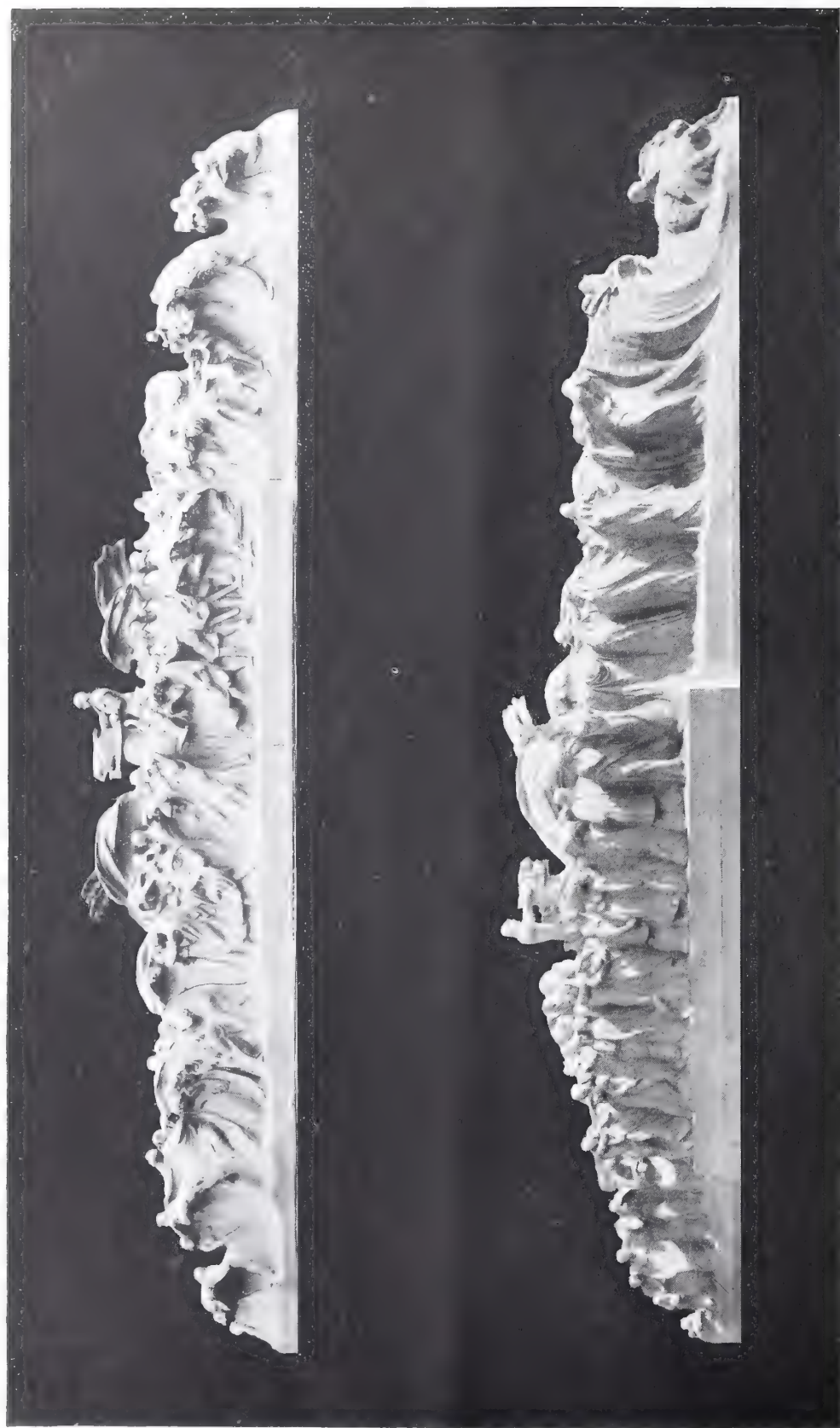
study and business office which commands a beautiful view of the Midway. On the walls hung photographs and friezes and everywhere were models of Mr. Taft's groups.

Glancing out of a window the sculptor pointed with his long index finger across the great avenue which Chicagoans call the "Midway," as he explained how suitable the background was for the gigantic work which he has been working on steadily for the last ten years.

"You see," he explained in his even, well modulated voice, "'The Fountain of Time,' is one of the two fountains, which we hope may still adorn this Midway.

"The model from which this picture is taken is in semi-circular form and is nearly twenty-eight feet long. The full size plaster enlargement is four times as large or about one hundred and twelve feet long. The idea is a figure of Father Time, facing, across the pool and waters of the fountain.





MODEL OF "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

PLATE 10

LORADO TAFT

## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*

This procession of wave-enshrouded forms who play their little parts in life and pass on. There are one hundred figures in the group, some but partly disclosed, others complete."

The explanation stopped there for some ten minutes and the creator of this wonderful throng of giant figures gave me a chance to view, like Father Time, that weird multitude, which is shown hurrying and crowding towards a goal they can not see. One group quivering with action is a warrior on horseback, flanked by banners and soldiers. This forms the centre of a composition which fades off at the ends into creeping infancy and again into bent and withered figures of age. At the south end of the fountain is a group of lovely, graceful women and sturdy men pressing on towards older men and women. No less interesting though less beautiful is a group of refugees, the central figure of which is an old man, old beyond years, bent and tottering, supported by a younger man and woman, whose figures are more erect, and whose worn faces are still illuminated with the light of hope, for something better awaiting them in the future.

This splendid assembly of figures representing so many types, ages and ideals is so wonderfully conceived that it seems almost incredible that one artist could have carried out the idea in five years' time.

When I asked Lorado Taft what thought, if any had brought this great master-piece into being, his slender face wore a reflective expression.

"It was a vagrant line or two of Austin Dobson's which many years ago made a great impression upon me; when the poet says,

'Times goes, you say? Ah, no,  
Alas; time stays; we go.'

"The words brought before me a picture which fancy speedily transformed into a colossal work of sculpture. I saw a mighty crag-like figure of Time, mantled like one of Sargent's prophets. Leaning upon his staff, his chin upon his hands, he watched with cynical, inscrutable gaze the endless march of humanity.

"A majestic relief of marble I saw first, swinging in a wide circle, around the form of the lone sentinel; shapes of hurrying men and women and children in endless procession, ever impelled by 'the winds of destiny' in the inexorable lock-step of the ages. Theirs the 'fateful forward movement' which has not ceased since time began. In that crowded concourse how few detach themselves from the greyness of the dusky caravan; how few there are who even lift their head! Here an overtaxed body falls—and a place is vacant for a moment, there a strong man turns to the silent shrouded reviewer and with lifted arm utters the cry gladiator, 'Hail Caesar, we who go to our death salute thee,' and press forward."

The Fountain of Time is a symbol of the passing of life, so the treatment is more or less impressionistic. The details are lost occasionally in waves of drapery. The figures emerge from mystery and go down again into mystery. According to Lorado Taft, the composition illustrates the thought of Huxley, "The individual drops rise and fall—the wave sweeps on."

Mr. Taft interrupted his explanation of his theme for a moment. His voice took a higher register and his earnest eyes wore a merry glance as he went on to explain that some critics had said that this work was pessimistic, lacking in hope. "I hardly think that their criticism is justifiable, but I do believe that life is the mystery of all mysteries. We know not whence we go, nor what it is all about.

"At the right I show the tragedy of birth; the struggle for existence; or the survival of the fittest. In contrast follows a sweeter note, family life, a child carried on the back of the father, dancing children and young girls. The religious motif is illustrated by monks and nuns in their distinct costume. A poet setting out to conquer the world makes an eager gesture. In the centre, seated on an armoured horse and surrounded by soldiers with floating banners, tattered refugees and lawless camp followers, rides the conqueror. From this height in the composition the waves gradually diminish on



## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*



SOUTH END OF  
"THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

LORADO  
TAFT

either side. I had no thought of exalting the military side of life, but rather saw temporary power as of little importance when viewed by the eye of Father Time."

The three young girls in the foreground were at first thought of as three fates or furies of the battlefields, but later took shape as the spirit of youth, peering forward and trying to outstrip the current of life itself. It has been said that the figures and faces of these girls suggest Mr. Taft's own daughters.

The remaining groups of the front side show lovers, old age and a dancing girl who indulges in a last transport of merriment near the brink of the unknown, while the final wave portrays a young man, resisting as youth does, the advent of death. The last figure however is an old man with arms

eagerly outstretched, welcoming death as a release and a fulfillment.

The back of the fountain on a single plane, is more like a frieze, without the wave forms excepting at the extreme ends. The light and shadow is more uniform, when seen in the sunlight. A smile plays about the sculptor's sensitive mouth as he recalls the time and cost required to work out this great array of figures, which when carved in stone will be the largest sculptural composition in America.

Lorado Taft developed the model at his own risk, but when the trustees of the Ferguson fund saw it they were so pleased that they decided this fountain should adorn the Midway.

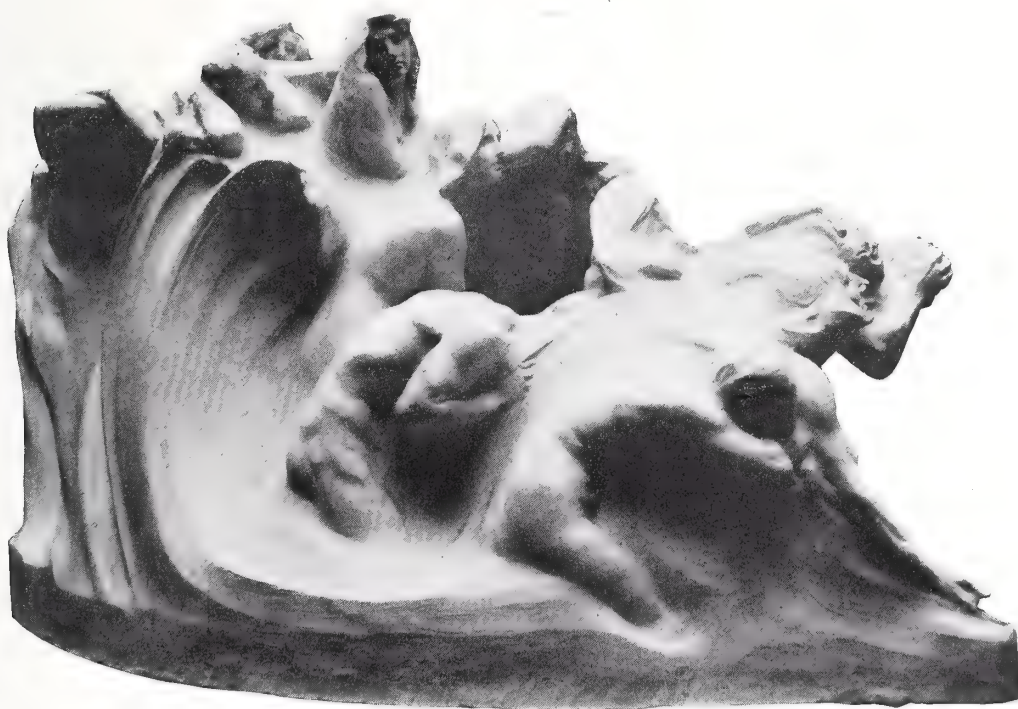
"But this is not all of my dreams," the western sculptor insists; "if the entire scheme

## *A Magnificent Conception: Lorado Taft's Fountain of Time*

comes true the Fountain of Creation will be placed at the other end of the Midway. This work, which is well advanced already, is founded on the myth of Deucalion, the Greek Noah, who repopled the earth by throwing stones, which the gods transformed into men. This primaeval theme will call for a Rodinesque treatment for the subject matter lends itself to bold contrasts of rock and flesh. The composition commences with creatures half formed, vague and prostrate emerging from the boulders. They grope in darkness strugg-

ling and wandering until they reach a group on the summit representing the solidarity of society."

An eminent writer recently paid Mr. Taft the following sincere tribute, "There is a man in Chicago who has been called the greatest artistic educative personality in the central west to-day. He has done more to inspire a knowledge of art and a love of beautiful sculpture and painting than any man of his age in America. His name is Lorado Taft."



LAST WAVE—SOUTH END  
OF "THE FOUNTAIN OF TIME"

LORADO  
TAFT



## *Degas---Pur Sang*



THREE JOCKEYS

PASTEL BY DEGAS

### **D**EGAS—PUR SANG BY JAMES N. ROSENBERG

WHAT is there about Degas that makes him a great figure? Look at his ballerinas; are they beautiful? Beautiful? Contrast them with the dancers you watch at the theatre—bewitching butterflies seen through a gold and purple mist. Look at his laundresses, bent awkwardly over their burdens, or yawning over their work. Look at his milliners' shops. A milliner's shop. What a ravishing place it ought to be; flowers, fluff, feathers, pretty women, ribbons, audacious sales girls, birds of paradise. Are Degas' shops like that?

His nudes. A woman getting out of a bath tub, a woman bending over a wash-stand, a woman at her toilet, a woman sponging her breast, a woman sponging her back, a woman drying her hair. Where is the nymph of

yester-year? What of the delicate reticences of slender young bodies, half hidden in a vernal glade?

His portraits. His jockeys. These are less difficult to comprehend. Yet his title in art is inextricably tied up with the nudes and the ballerinas.

"Why not? Look at the drawing in them," said a friend of mine. "What an extraordinary draftsman he is. That's why he's great." Nonsense. That is never enough. Art schools and academies are full of excellent draftsmen who amount to nothing. We must search further.

My search ended with Keats. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." I do not apologize for quoting such a commonplace. I am so mid-Victorian that I require beauty in all forms of art expressions. And I find beauty of the highest kind in the quality of Degas' truth.

Degas does not rightly belong to the Impressionist group. Theirs was a different

## *Degas---Pur Sang*

point of view, a different attitude toward life.

Degas belongs to the school of Molière and Zola. Degas' truth, like theirs, is an essence distilled from the life about him. His is the Gallic wit of Molière, his the Gallic clarity of perception of Zola.

"Beautiful ballet girls," I can fancy Degas exclaiming. "Beautiful nudes. I will show them. I will give them a dose of the truth."

And so, nonchalant and hidden—I choose these adjectives with intention, as will later appear—he developed his amazing technique, learned to draw in colour, to discard all mere prettiness, learned that often a full canvas is an empty picture, becomes a master craftsman whose craft is never his master, but is so perfect a servant that many of his pictures, the pastels particularly, seem positively to be self-



THREE DANCERS

DEGAS



## *Degas---Pur Sang*



FEMME AU TUB

DEGAS

created. This is Degas, a veritable Jonathan Swift of brush and chalk and charcoal. A Jonathan Swift? No, the comparison's inaccurate. Swift revelled in the Rabelaisian. A broad, humorous, pornographic vein ran through Swift. Not so Degas. We come to the title of this essay. "Pur Sang." It means pure blood. Pure blood—the thoroughbred.

Degas, who was a great reader of the classics, occasionally wrote verse. Lafond's work on Degas contains several of his sonnets. Of these, one is named "Pur Sang." It is a vivid description of a race horse. Degas pic-

tures the horse prancing at dawn as the jockey brings him out into the paddock. He speaks of the animal's strength, its delicacy, power and speed. "Nonchalant and hidden," says Degas—"With a step which seems slow, the thoroughbred is none the less ready, standing in his gown of silk."

So Degas himself. Nonchalant and hidden, he is the thoroughbred, the pure, the aristocrat; that is the final explanation of his enormous achievement in introducing us to the modern woman.

A woman in a bath tub. A woman sponging

## *Degas---Pur Sang*



PORTRAIT IN WHITE

DEGAS

her back. Do these things belong to art? We have come to accept Degas. So we do not question such themes. Does the artist of today realize what a contribution to art these pictures constitute; what a daring and difficult accomplishment was Degas'? The nude in art was an idealized nymph. We looked on woman as Don Quixote looked on Dulcinea. It took Degas to make woman in the nude a flesh and blood reality of modern art. It was a feat reserved for a thoroughbred—for a man who could steer between the Scylla of sentimentality and the Charybdis of the vulgar.

The Seligmann sale conducted by the American Art Galleries at the Plaza Hotel on January 27th was a most interesting event. It presented Degas to the country in a striking and dramatic way. But the prices showed that

the American collector has not yet learned to appreciate Degas.

Neither has the American artist. But Degas will be the next great influence. We have produced several hundred first-class, second-class Monets and Renoirs, and more recently, Cézannes. It is Degas' turn.

But I trust that Degas' influence will be of a different sort. I can best express the meaning of this remark by quoting a remark Arnold Genthe told me Theodore Roosevelt once made to him. Roosevelt was complaining because American artists went over to France and painted French models, landscapes, portraits and so forth. "Why," exclaimed Roosevelt, "don't they go out and paint Michigan lumber jacks?"

The point of my story is too obvious to require sharpening. Nevertheless, I take the liberty of expressing the hope that the in-



## *Degas---Pur Sang*



*Courtesy of Dikran Kelekian*

PORTRAIT

DEGAS

fluence of Degas will be not to make us try to paint as he did, but to try to see life as he did—to see it with the clear and piercing eyes of truth—truth without gloss, sentimentality, tradition, prejudice.

To all of which Degas would say to me, if he were still alive—for it is what he once said to a critic—"My art; what do you want to

say about it? Do you think you can explain the merits of a picture to those who do not see them?"

Then don't read the rest of this article, but just go and see the pictures themselves. And since the Seligmann pictures have been sold, go to the Kelekian galleries. It will be worth your while.

## Some Masters in Aquatint



PLATE 6 OF LIBER STUDIORUM  
OF CLAUDE LORRAINE

FROM THE AQUATINT BY  
F. C. LEWIS

### SOME MASTERS IN AQUATINT BY F. WEITENKAMPF

AQUATINT is one of the graphic arts least familiar. Its rôle has been a secondary one. It has been primarily and essentially the handmaid of etching. A process particularly adapted to, and first of all employed for, the reproduction of flat washes of water-colour or sepia, such as the traveller-draughtsman in the early days of the Nineteenth Century might have brought with him. Particularly interesting examples of its use for this purpose are *Microcosm of London*, with plates after Rowlandson and Pugin, and Ayton's *Voyage Around Great Britain*. The more or less sharply circumscribed tints are quite noticeable here, bringing up mental pictures of stage scenery, without delicate gradations. Hand colouring, however, served somewhat to soften the passage from one tone to another.

In France, Debucourt, Descourtis and others utilized the process for colour-printing, with a super-imposition of technical manipulation under which the trace of the aquatint grain is quite lost in a completeness of tonal effect. But the medium in its most familiar form, since its introduction into England by Paul Sandby, has the characteristics already indicated, in a frank display of its peculiar grain.

The flat tints show more or less clearly (sometimes, indeed, only through the magnifying glass), in their little white dots, the nature of the process. The latter—an etching process—is simple enough in a way. Finely powdered resin is dusted over a copper plate, or, in solution in alcohol, poured over it. The plate is then heated slightly, so that the grains adhere, and is then placed in an acid bath. Obviously, the grains of resin take the place of the etching ground, and just as obviously the acid acts on the bare portions of the plate between the dots formed by the grain. If



## *Some Masters in Aquatint*

some portions of the plate are to appear lighter than others, they can be "stopped out" after sufficient "biting"—that is, they are covered with a protective varnish and the plate may then again be subjected to the action of the acid. This process may of course be repeated so as to produce various strengths of tone, each of which will be more or less sharply defined. But modifications and manipulations are possible whereby this characteristic of flat tone with little gradation is considerably moderated. And, in the hands of some of the modern artists who use aquatint as a tone-giving adjunct to etching, or almost by itself, or in combination with dry-point or other methods, the old-time sharp outlines often quite disappear.

In the early days, aquatint served mainly as a reproductive art, multiplying sporting and



*¡Por que sea visible!*

FROM THE "CAPRICHOS"

GOYA



BLACKSMITH

DELACROIX

coaching scenes, landscape views. Even paintings were occasionally reproduced by this method, not with signal success; but F. C. Lewis appropriately and well used the aquatint ground in rendering wash drawings by Claude Lorraine.

But the possibilities of aquatint came to be appreciated and utilized also by "painter-etchers"; its use in original work being, naturally, mainly as an adjunct,—but an often effective one, and varied in its effects to an extent to which the traditional manner of application would hardly have seemed to lead. There is delicate and appropriate application of aquatint to gain tender sky-effects, in a few plates—*Dunstanborough Castle*, for instance—in J. M. W. Turner's mezzotinted *Liber Studiorum*. The *Bridge and Goats* is the one work of this series done entirely in aquatint.

A more consistent use of aquatint appears

## *Some Masters in Aquatint*



BRIDGE AND GOATS

J. M. W. TURNER

in the *Caprichos* of Goya, where the process, in combination with lightly shaded etched outlines, is used in its purity, with a frank acceptance of its limits, but, as Wm. M. Ivins, Jr., puts it, "with audacity and resolution and success." The ground, applied by him apparently in rough and ready manner, yet somehow palpitates its flat tones into a vivacity of effect that adds its own strong accent to each plate. Delacroix's noted figure of a blacksmith has the circumscribed definiteness of stencil-work, but there is a strength in it that makes all the difference possible between it and the conventional earlier jobs. The manner of Goya animated some plates by Manet, while the great Spaniard's fellow countryman, Fortuny, handled the medium with "diabolical cleverness," with the dexterity of an eye-deluding juggler, a sort of technical thimble-rig, "now you see it and now you don't."

As we approach artists of more recent date, names crowd on one much more than one might at first suppose, and one realizes the

very large part which aquatint has been and is playing in the production of etchings.

In France there have been experimenters such as Buhot, Guerard, Goeneutte, Bracquemond; the master of still-life, Jacquemart, Lepère, Jacque, Legrand, Steinlen, C. Pissarro, E. Bédot, who has used aquatint "in discreet patches"; and that group of men who have utilized it as a vehicle for more or less complete colour effects: Robbe, Ranft, Houdard, Thaulow, Osterlind, Latenay.

Crossing the Rhine one finds in Germany and Austria, with difference in natural outlook, a similar diversity in individual temperament. There are Klinger (*Bear and Elf*, with incisive outlines and flat masses of tint), Heinrich Wolff, Oskar Graf, Hegenbart, (who did the weird *Art and Mammon*, a female figure being dragged down by an octopus), Michalek, Kasimir, Nolde, Otto Gampert, Liebermann and others more. Opportunity for speculation there is, to, as to the way in which certain others, scumbling the possibili-





BEAR AND ELF

MAX KLINGER

## Some Masters in Aquatint

ties of etching, got their results. For that, look up plates such as Munch's *Bathers*; not a few such appeared in the Leipzig "Bugra" show in 1914.

One may pick out at random, from other countries, say Rassenfosse, or Haig. The last named spent much of his life in England, where Sir Frank Short, master of processes, has used aquatint with the tact, the appropriateness which determines his choice of a given medium for a given subject. He has used it with frank acceptance of its flat tones, as in *A Silver Tide*, or with freedom, as in *Sunrise O'er Whitby Scour*, where the light-scattered clouds and shadows call for a delicacy in gradation which he has forced from the medium with an easy touch. Like Goya, William Strang, in some of his illustrations for *Don Quixote* and Kipling's *Short Stories*, backs his vigorously drawn figures by vibrant flat tints. One may turn, too, to younger men, such as C. H. Baskett (whose *Quai du Rosaire, Bruges* is a good example of his broad, straight manner), or W. P. Robins (pupil of Short), whose work shows "soundness and sincerity" in plates such as *Norfolk Landscape* and *Headley Downs*, the latter executed in a simple big sweep in harmony with the scene. Here, too, there is the use of aquatint in colour plates, such as those by W. Lee Hankey, Lucien Pissarro, Nelson, Dawson, F. Marriott or Alfred Hartley.

Joseph Pennell has produced what Campbell Dodgson has referred to as "the fascinating aquatints of the skyscraper period, *Mists of Morning, New York* or *Courtland Street Ferry*." With us, long after those early nineteenth century days when St. Memin was doing his profile portraits in aquatint and roulette, and John Hill and W. J. Bennett were aquatinting new world landscapes in the *Hudson River Portfolio* and other plates, the value of the process to the original or "painter" etcher has been realized with individual diversity. Hill's grandson, John Henry Hill, applied aquatint in part, and delicately, in his view of Niagara, and undiluted by etching in his *Moonlight on the Androscoggin*.

James D. Smillie's technical mastery, in pure aquatints such as *An Old Dam Near Montrose* and *Old Houses Near Boulogne*,

while frankly showing flat tints, offers a degree of gradation, and a measure of unctuousness, which we had not been accustomed to see. He showed, too, the possibility of variation of method, in the crayon-like effect of *Fairground, Montrose*, or the very coarse grain of *Pansies*.

Charles F. W. Mielatz, out of a wide and thorough technical knowledge based on an experimentative spirit, akin to that of Buhot or of Guerard, went yet farther. In *The Wave*, scraping and other manipulations have given to aquatint a quite unusual pliancy, a delicacy of gradation that might have seemed out of the question at one time. This piece, by the way, is printed in two tints, bluish green above and yellowish below, running together in the centre. In that remarkable piece of reproductive work *Woman and Macaw* after George Luks, the process is used with like freedom for complete colour effect. In *Winter Night* he regulated the grain of the aquatint by first laying a textile (organdy or the like) on to a grounded plate and running both through the press, a process akin to "sand paper mezzotint." Of course, the textile was pressed through the ground by this operation, thus baring the plate for biting. In the etching *Grand Central Depot at Night*, again, a light tint of aquatint, put on after the etched lines, softened the sharpness of the latter into something like the effect of soft-ground etching. Aquatint in its more usual form was employed by Mielatz in the series of New York City views, after pictures on Staffordshire pottery, done for the "Society of Iconophiles."

The example of Mielatz's work here reproduced is exceedingly rare, only four prints having been made. Mr. Mielatz thought very highly of the plate and was loath to part with prints, so placed upon them an exorbitant price. Two, however, were snapped up at once. The print is in four colours and the colour gradation exceedingly delicate, which made reproduction difficult.

A more restricted use of the medium as an accessory is found in etchings by C. A. Vanderhorf, in reproductive plates by J. S. King (who applied acid with a brush in order to avoid sharp outlines), and in book-plates by W. F. Hopson. Or, as a final contrast, take



## *Some Masters in Aquatint*

the free drawing in the late A. T. Millar's *The Winding Way*. Once more, also, the use of aquatint for colour prints is to be noted. A series of dry-points by Mary Cassatt, of Japanese inspiration, show the possibilities of flat tints of colour with frame-work of simple lines.

Vaughan Trowbridge produced a certain aquarelle-like vivacity by "stopping out" on practically pure aquatint plates, while George Senseney, likewise aiming at completeness of effect, has employed a blending of the process with soft-ground etching. This combination has served also Lester G. Hornby, both for colour work and black-and-white.

These few notes have barely skimmed over the subject, but, perhaps, they have at least made clear that here is a by-path in the field of prints that repays the stroll. And that this process of aquatint, serving so often as an adjunct to the etched line, or as a means of printing flat tints of colour, has also been elevated by various artists to the rank of a distinct idiom in graphic art.

[Editor's note: The New York Public Library will have an exhibition, in the near future, devoted to "The Making of an Aquatint." As usual the technique side will be amply illustrated, and the finest examples of the process obtainable displayed.]



MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON

CH. F. W. MIELATZ

## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEWS

CONSTRUCTIVE ANATOMY. By George B. Bridgman.

THE BOOK OF A HUNDRED HANDS. By George B. Bridgman.

Published at Pelham, New York. Edward C. Bridgman.

THE MEDALLIC PORTRAITS OF CHRIST. By G. F. Hill. And

HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE. By Guy Dickins. With a Preface by Percy Gardner. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press.

When, after studying with admiration the two books on anatomy by George Bridgman, I turned to Guy Dickins' book on "Hellenistic Sculpture," a passage in the chapter on Rhodian Art at once struck me as summing up my attitude towards Bridgman's teaching. "The anatomical structure of the male form can not be rendered more perfectly than in the Statue of Agasias, so well known to all art students, but the statue affects us with a feeling of strain and discomfort from its want of unity. . . . The desire to display newly acquired scientific knowledge invariably demands a strained and therefore disquieting motive."

Now, no one today will affirm that too much knowledge is harmful, but too little knowledge is fatal. And Bridgman's pupils seem to be afflicted with just this trouble. They do not know to the point of forgetting their knowledge. They are conscious that a hand has so many bones and so many muscles of such a size. And they draw the bones and muscles, not the hand.

A warning, therefore, to those who would study from George Bridgman. Remember, the human body is a unity. No part may be studied except in the light of the whole. With this reservation, the books could not be better.

Mr. Hill's work is erudite and exhaustive, but I would hesitate to recommend it to any save the student. To quote his own words, "Religious medals, considered as a whole, may be placed on the same artistic level as hymns."

Guy Dickins was still a young man when he died, from wounds received in the battle of the Somme, July, 1916. His work, therefore, must be regarded as only a fragment of a far greater whole which he had planned.

Doubtless too had he lived his manuscript would have been amplified and the whole cast in a much more leisurely and discursive form. For it must be owned that to a layman Dickins' archaeological deductions make in places difficult reading. Dickins demands of his readers considerable erudition.

But I am not concerned here with archaeology. Dickins was happily something more, and it is for that reason that I recommend his book. Archaeological students will read him in any case, and in so doing will learn something about art. The art students should read him for his criticism and may learn something of archaeology. It is interesting to note how this young man, dedicating his life to the discovery of parallels and influences, could not repress the instinct for art that was in him. In particular the last chapter contains what may be considered as his creed, and it is so well written that I cannot resist quoting a part.

"When we ask what is the debt of modern art to Greek art, there is no reply. We can not point to this idea or that, and say this is Hellenic and that is non-Hellenic. . . . Every statue which is made with sincere love of beauty and unmixed desire for its attainment is Greek in spirit; every statue, however cunning and ingenious, which is merely frivolous or hypocritical or untrue, is a crime against Hellenism and a sin against the light. . . ."

For to the Greeks art was a vital part of life. "It is fair to assume that the average modern man regards statues with indifference slightly flavoured with amusement." But "The Cridian goddess of Praxiteles was more than a statue, it was an idea. The victory of Sanothraxe was Triumph itself, not a mere masterpiece." *We have destroyed our gods.*

Other books received include:

AMONG ITALIAN PEASANTS. Written and illustrated by Tony Cyriax. With an introduction by Muirhead Bone. E. P. Dutton & Co.

OLD BRISTOL POTTERIES. By W. J. Pounteney. With Foreward by R. L. Hobson and Bernard Rackham. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.





*See page x*

SPRING PASTURES

SEGANTINI

## SOME PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY MR. P. A. DE LASZLO.

THERE seems to have come into existence during the last few years a new conception of the aim and purpose of drawing—a new view, that is to say, of what draughtsmanship means and of its function as a mode of expression. A generation or so ago the student was taught that the indispensable thing to seek for was absolute accuracy in the statement of fact, that he must set down what he saw with the strictest regard for truth; and that the faculty to represent realities with painstaking elaboration was one which he must sedulously cultivate. Any attempt on his part to develop a style of his own or to evolve a personal convention was rigorously suppressed; to give way to an inclination of that sort was altogether against the rules because it might lead to looseness of method and to an evasion of the draughtsman's strict responsibility. Quality of line, it is true, was not ignored, but it was accounted as a matter of secondary importance in comparison with the exact presentation of every detail of the subject; it was quite permissible to sacrifice it if thereby greater correctness could be ensured. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Now, the theory of draughtsmanship is almost entirely reversed; strict accuracy of statement is no longer insisted upon as the one and only aim of the student, and quality of line is put forward as a particular consideration. A drawing has to be a kind of decorative exercise, and even distortions of natural form and perversions of fact are allowed if the general decorative effect satisfies the modern idea. Nature need not be copied, but can be transcribed and altered to suit the artist's scheme of design; and the characteristic details of the subject can be emphasised and exaggerated to almost any extent, if by emphasis that subject can be brought more fully up to the latest standard of effectiveness—and that standard is one which recognises even caricature as legitimate. ♦ ♦

Really, it cannot be said that either the past or the present conception of the draughtsman's obligations is to be accepted as correct. Against the unnecessary pedantry of the old days we have now a

rebellion which to a considerable extent has got out of hand; instead of excessive restrictions we have undisciplined freedom, and there is some danger that in the license of the moment we may forget what was good in the more precise methods of our predecessors. In most traditions there is something worthy of respect amid much that is out of date or obsolete, and the wise man sorts out the odds and ends which have come down to him from a previous generation to see what he can with advantage convert to his own uses. ♦

For this reason the work of such an artist as Mr. de Laszlo deserves to be held up as an example to modern students. He has sifted the dust of tradition and he has found in it a good deal worth keeping. Yet he is no pedant and no follower of mechanical and stereotyped principles,



"BEATRICE PHILLIPS"  
DRAWING BY P. A.  
DE LASZLO, M.V.O.





SKETCH FOR "THE FIRST  
DRAWING LESSON." BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

and his art certainly does not belong to the past. These drawings of his, which are illustrated here, show how well the habit of close and intimate observation and of sound appreciation of realities can be allied with thorough consideration for line quality and a sound sense of decorative arrangement, how correctness of subject record can be retained without loss of directness and spontaneity, and how subtleties of characterisation can be expressed without making them over-

This series, indeed, provides what is at the same time a test and a demonstration

of his capacities as a draughtsman. It is a test, because it includes drawings of sitters of very different types and ages and, therefore, would be likely to show any want of flexibility there might be in his methods and any failure he might make in judging the essential facts in his subjects. It is a demonstration, because it proves that he does not sacrifice either the decorative completeness of his pictorial design or the fluent ease of his line statement in arriving at what he considers a necessary measure of portrait realism. In addition, it throws a very clear light upon what is really the fundamental principle



“DIANE CHAMBERLAIN”  
FROM A DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.







"GERTRUDE LAUGHLIN"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY MR. DE LASZLO



"JOHNNY." DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

of the whole of his practice and the distinguishing characteristic of his art. ▯

For it is pre-eminently by his draughtsmanship that Mr. de Laszlo has gained the position which he occupies to-day in the art world. The study of form, the investigation of intricacies of line, the observation of contours and space boundaries have always been with him matters of engrossing interest, and to them all through his career a very full share of his attention has been directed. He has learned to draw with almost uncanny certainty and with a speed and facility that are often amazing; but his certainty is the outcome of knowledge, and his

facility is a result of his instantaneous grasp of the things that count in the subject before him. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

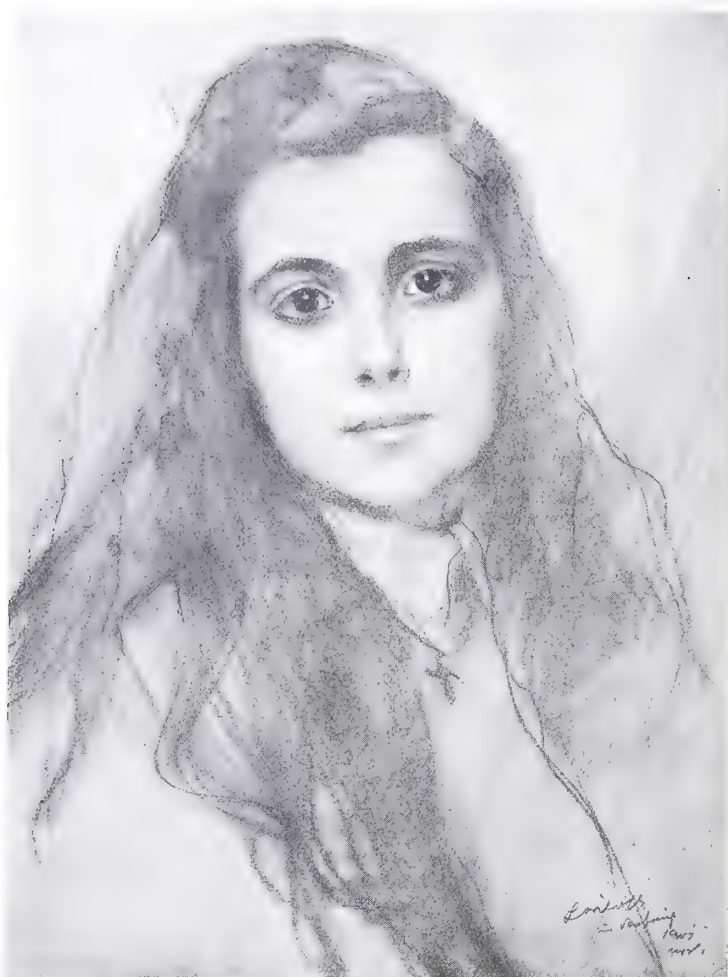
That is why he gets so much into his drawings, and that is why they can be so interesting as arrangements of decorative line and still so satisfying as portraits; that is why studies like the *Diane Chamberlain*, and *Mary van Loon*, and the fascinating little *Beatrice Phillips*, are so attractive as line patterns and yet so significant as records of human types. They have style, they have in ample measure the personal touch, they are modern enough in manner of treatment, but all the same they have insistently the reality and the truth to



"PORTRAIT STUDY." FROM  
A DRAWING BY P.  
A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



## PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS BY MR. DE LASZLO



"MARY VAN LOON." FROM  
A DRAWING BY PHILIP A.  
DE LASZLO, M.V.O

nature which the artists of years ago strove to attain by far more laborious means. Evidently, it is not necessary for the student who wishes to strike the modern note to throw aside all that tradition prescribes ; here is the proof that he can be spontaneous, decorative, "calligraphic," and all the rest, without resorting to conventional distortions of the human shape and without forcing characterisation over the boundaries of caricature. ▯

What can be said of Mr. de Laszlo's drawings applies equally to his paintings, the method is the same, and it is only the means by which it is carried out that is different. He draws just as decisively and

definitely with a brush as he does with pencil or chalk, and he is just as closely concerned with the arrangement and the character of his lines. Fundamentally, the procedure is the same in the study of *Diane Chamberlain* and the brilliantly expressive portrait of Lord Lansdowne, and there is as much spontaneity of draughtsmanship in the picture of the child, *Gertrude Laughlin*, as in the finely summarised *Portrait Study* (p. 51). In the paintings the lines are amplified by tones, broadened and enlarged, but they are there just the same, and by their decorative strength they give coherence and meaning to the pictorial arrangement.



"MR. AND MRS. DE LASZLO AND  
ELDEST SON." OIL PAINTING  
BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.





FROM AN EARLY STUDY BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.

It is a point worth considering whether in work like Mr. de Laszlo's we have not the best suggestion available at the moment of the lines along which modern art should be developed. In British art the study of form has been to a great extent subordinated to the pursuit of colour, and drawing has been made a matter of laborious effort with the point rather than—as it should be—with the brush. Even in the modern school, with all its protests against the past, this fallacy persists, and drawing is regarded as penmanship rather than brushwork. It would be better to recognise that as the painter's mission is to paint he ought to learn the sort of drawing that will help him to put on his paint in the proper way and to retain in it the qualities of line statement that will give to it a right degree of vitality. Mr. de Laszlo, with his Continental training, has acquired this type of drawing, and that it

serves him well his work shows conclusively. The way in which he uses it is, of course, personal to himself and to imitate it would be foolish; but the principles of his practice could be applied to equal advantage in almost all kinds of personal expression. ■ ■ ■

It was certainly his Continental training, the prolonged and arduous discipline in drawing prescribed in the schools he attended at Buda-Pesth, Munich, and Paris, that developed his perception of form and this insight into variations of line. In Paris particularly he learned the value of simplification—how to grasp instantly the large character of his subject and how to realise infallibly its more salient and important essentials. Now, in his matured methods he seeks as surely for truth and for the maintenance of right principles as he ever did in his student days.

A. L. BALDRY.



"PROFILE STUDY," FROM  
A DRAWING BY  
P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.







"MISS FAITH MOORE AT  
CHEQUERS." OIL PAINTING  
BY P. A. DE LASZLO, M.V.O.



# THE ROYAL SOCIETY *of* PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS

The following illustrations are from prints shown in the thirty-ninth Annual Exhibition of this Society now being held in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colour, Pall Mall East



"AUTUMN." DRY-POINT  
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.  
(By courtesy of Mr. H. C.  
Dickins)



"THE END OF THE STORY"  
ETCHING BY MALCOLM  
OSBORNE, A.R.A., R.E.





"A LITTLE WINDING  
ROAD." ETCHING BY  
LEONARD SQUIRRELL, R.E.  
(By permission of Mr. H. C. Dickens)



"AN OLD WALNUT TREE." DRY-  
POINT BY W. P. ROBINS, R.E.  
(By permission of Messrs. Colnaghi & Co.)





"GOLDFINCHES FIGHTING"  
BY ANNA AIRY, R.E.



**"SOUP." ETCHING BY  
E. BLAMPIED, R.E.**  
(By courtesy of Messrs, Ernest Brow  
& Phillips)





"THE BARBICAN." ETCHING  
BY F. L. GRIGGS, R.E.

## STUDIO TALK

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The rumours in circulation a few months ago as to the probable closing of the Grafton Galleries to art exhibitions were, as stated in one of our recent issues unwarranted by the facts, and now they have been definitely disposed of by a public announcement made a few days before the end of the year. From this it would appear that these excellent galleries, which only need an improvement in the lighting arrangements to make them perfect, will henceforth be under practically the same control as the Grosvenor Gallery before it closed at the end of 1919, when two of our important art societies were deprived of facilities for exhibiting. The National Portrait Society

now holding its annual exhibition at the Grafton under the managing directorship of Mr. Francis Howard was accommodated last year by Messrs. Agnews, but the International Society, which will hold its exhibition at the Grafton at the end of April, after an important exhibition of contemporary American painting to open there next month, has been homeless since its last exhibition at the Grosvenor. The autumn programme will have as its principal feature a Fourth National Loan exhibition, of pictures of the Elizabethan, Jacobean and Carolean periods, in continuation of the highly interesting series inaugurated at the Grosvenor at the beginning of its career. ■ ■ ■

The Grosvenor, too, is making a fresh start this month under the sole proprietorship of Messrs. Colnaghi, with an impor-



"RAILWAY BRIDGE, ARTHOG,  
NORTH WALES." OIL PAINT-  
ING BY WALTER BAYES  
(New English Art Club)





"THE STORM." WOODCUT  
BY M. I. SOMERSCALES  
(New English Art Club)

tant exhibition of paintings and drawings. Associated with Messrs. Colnaghi in the management of the gallery is Mr. Alfred Yockney, who has relinquished his position as Keeper of Pictures at the Imperial War Museum. Mr. Yockney was formerly editor of the "Art Journal" and before his appointment to the War Museum did valuable work at the Ministry of Information. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

The winter exhibition of the New English Art Club, held in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, had very little to show in the way of work of outstanding significance, especially among the paintings, where again the "advanced" contingent predominated. The gallery is, as we have before pointed out, not an ideal one for the Club's displays, for the collocation of oil paintings, water-colours, pencil and other drawings, and prints gives to it a motley appearance which is not a little disconcerting to the onlooker. The paintings, numbering about a hundred, filled two of the walls, and amongst the items of

chief interest were a couple of landscapes by Mr. C. J. Holmes, Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones's *Poltesco Farm*, Mr. Leon Underwood's *Milliners*, Miss M. Koop's *Scene from the Beggars' Opera*, Mr. Walter Bayes's *Railway Bridge, Arthog*, Italian landscapes by Mr. C. M. Gere, an interior by Mr. Maresco Pearce, and Mr. Medworth's *Night Rays*—the last a street scene at night as viewed from above, with a curious perspective effect. The drawings included some excellent work by Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. Francis Unwin, Miss K. Clausen, Mr. Francis Dodd, Mr. A. W. Rich, Miss M. Gere, Mr. Rushbury, Mr. Muirhead Bone, among others; and on one of the screens were two interesting woodcuts by M. I. Somerscales, *The Storm* (here reproduced) and *Illustration to Pilgrims' Progress*. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

In the first of a series of "Modern Painting" folios to be inaugurated shortly after the publication of the present issue, we are reproducing examples of the work of Laura and Harold Knight in oil painting,



"THE BATHERS."  
FROM THE WATER-  
COLOUR BY LAURA  
KNIGHT, AR.W.S.







"NIGHT RAYS." OIL PAINTING  
BY FRANK C. MEDWORTH  
(New English Art Club)

a medium with which both these talented artists are thoroughly at home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Knight have from the beginning also employed the water-colour medium with success, but while Mr. Knight nowadays confines his attention almost exclusively to oils, work in the more fluid medium continues to form a considerable part of Mrs. Knight's practice, and her election as Associate of the Old Water Colour Society some time ago was a fitting recognition of that work, of which we reproduce opposite a recent and characteristic example. ▯

Two important pictures by Mr. William Nicholson have been purchased recently

for Public Galleries—*Carlina* for Glasgow, and *The Hundred Jugs* for Liverpool. Both paintings attracted considerable attention when they were exhibited in London a few years ago, and both have been reproduced in colour in this magazine—the former in our issue of June, 1911, and the latter in that of June, 1918. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Mr. William Strang, A.R.A., addressing the students of the St. John's Wood Art Schools at the recent distribution of prizes, welcomed the existence of a school which aimed at producing Art firstly and its application secondly. He contrasted the work done with that of the State-aided





WAR MEMORIAL TABLET IN  
THE ROYAL SAVOY CHAPEL  
BY GILBERT BAYES

Schools, whose sole aim appeared to be to produce teachers who again taught teachers and so on, never producing an artist who could teach, but making the "teacher" the end in view. The Principal, Mr. Frederick Walenn, gave an account of the year's work. Amongst the prize winners were Miss M. Lane Foster, Miss Nelson Dawson, Miss Russell, Miss D. Jerrold, and Mr. Onabolu (from Lagos). The competitions were judged by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. Hatherell, Mr. Goetze, and Mr. L. Richmond. ▀

The memorial illustrated above as having been designed by Mr. Gilbert Bayes was unveiled by the Earl of Athlone a few weeks ago in the Royal Chapel of the Savoy, the names it bears being those of men associated with the Chapel who fell in the war. It is executed in a warm tinted alabaster set in bronze. The centre figure of St. George is in bronze and enamel with a little inlay in the mail at the throat. In the lunette above against a mosaic back-

ground is a very simply treated line of marching men in bronze flanked to right and left by the lamps of sacrifice and freedom. The two circles at either side of the lower inscription are in bronze also with enamel background, and in one the Lamb—the Chapel symbol—is figured, and in the other the English Lion. On a shield below St. George a small Dreadnought stands for the Navy. The whole memorial is about 6 ft. in length. ▀ ▀ ▀

Two bronzes by Mr. Bayes—*Sigurd* and *Artemis* (both illustrated in one of our issues of 1917)—have been purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool for that City's permanent collection. ▀ ▀

The first show of the Society of Graphic Art, which was the subject of an article in our last issue, was a far greater success than one expected, and it would not be going too far to say that no more important display of its kind has been held in London for many years, if ever. No doubt the chief factor in its success as an exhibition was



"LA GRAND'MÈRE DES PÊCHEURS  
À EQUIHEN." WOOD ENGRAVING  
BY EDWARD ERTZ

(See next page)



## STUDIO-TALK

the great diversity of the collection, for apart from the high average standard of the individual exhibits the variety of the mediums represented completely dispelled any sense of monotony. The display in its entirety was an eloquent demonstration of the vitality of the modern British School of Graphic Art and a vindication of the aims of the promoters of the new Society.

Mr. Edward Ertz's wood engraving, *La Grand'mere des Pêcheurs à Equihen*, of which we give a reproduction, was one among numerous wood block prints in the last-mentioned exhibition, though most of these prints were of a different type to that of Mr. Ertz, whose methods, rarely practised in these days, are essentially those which Bewick practised with so much success. In this type of wood-engraving the "white line" plays an all-important part, and it demands not only a manipulative skill in the use of the burin which takes years to acquire, but also the exercise of sound judgment in the interpretation of planes, atmosphere, transparency, opaqueness, softness and depth in shadows, and in fact every gradation of tone. ▀ ▀

We referred in a previous number to the important discovery by Mr. George Sheringham, the well-known decorative artist, of a means of overcoming those properties of artificial light which so alter the effect of colour as practically to preclude an artist from working in colour except in daylight. Further developments have taken place, and lamps embodying the principle of the "Sheringham Daylight" are now available for those who have need of them. We illustrate on this page one of these lamps designed by Mr. Harold Stabler. It is an electric lamp intended for the desk, and the curved arm of the lamp is made to move in a screw joint just above the base, the lamp itself with the shade being fixed at the other end. ▀ ▀

The last exhibition of the National Portrait Society, held at Messrs. Agnew's in June last, was a small affair, less than fifty works, nearly all in oils, being shown, whereas the present exhibition at the Grafton comprises close on three hundred items, of which a considerable proportion are in various mediums other than oil. Both on this account and because the

work exhibited, besides reaching throughout a high level of attainment, presents numerous deviations from the formal types of portraiture which make portrait exhibitions as a rule rather wearisome, the display is more than usually interesting. Three portraits by artists of a bygone generation are included amongst the paintings—one by Etty, another by Winterhalter of Queen Alexandra (lent by Her Majesty), and the other by Gustave Ricard. Mr. Sargent and Sir William Orpen are also represented by a single loaned work respectively, Mr. Sargent's being a brilliantly executed portrait of Mrs. Ricketts, which has now toned down so much as to make it look rather out of place amidst the paintings of to-day. The Society has many other distinguished



"SHERINGHAM DAYLIGHT" DESK  
LAMP IN POLISHED ALUMINIUM  
DESIGNED BY HAROLD STABLER



"SERRANILLA" (MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS). OIL PAINTING BY JOSÉ PINAZO Y MARTINEZ (See next page)

painters on its roll of membership, and most of these are well represented on this occasion, Mr. Charles Shannon, Mr. Greiffenhagen and Mr. Pryde being amongst the few notable absentees. Mr. Augustus John is represented by seven paintings and a number of characteristic drawings. In his painting called *The White Mantilla* he makes effective use of a black background. He has also lent to the exhibition a group of curious works by "an unknown Victorian artist"—a true primitive whose art is not less interesting because of its artlessness. There are a few examples of "interior" portraiture in the show, the most conspicuous of them being Mr. Guevara's *The Author of Modern Sculpture*.      ■      ■      ■

Exhibitions of war pictures, very numerous in 1919, were comparatively few last year. One of the last to be held in 1920 was a collection of sketches and paintings by past and present students and members of the teaching staff of the St. Martin's School of Art, shown in connection with the monthly Sketch Club Exhibition, when Mr. Clausen, R.A., officiated as critic, and it was of special interest as representing all the areas in which the war was carried on—France, Italy, Gallipoli, Egypt and Palestine, Salonica, East Africa and Russia as well as India. Of the staff Mr. C. H. Lomax and Mr. Stafford Leake showed drawings of German East Africa, and Mr. Francis Hodge work done in France.      ■      ■





"ROSETA." BY JOSÉ  
PINAZO Y MARTINEZ

MADRID.—The painter Señor Dn. José Pinazo y Martínez is the brother of the Secretary of the Spanish Exhibition in London, Sr. Ignacio Pinazo, and is the son of a painter, Ignacio Pinazo Camarlench, and a painter who has himself achieved considerable success. He was actually born in Rome, while his father was residing there, but very soon returned with his family to Valencia, and devoted himself, like others of his family—for his brother Ignacio is a sculptor—to the profession of art. One of his most successful works is his *Poem of Valencia*, which was exhibited this winter in London. It has been said of

this painting that it gives all the expression of his art—"toda la sua galeria." Señor José Pinazo has exhibited with success in International Exhibitions in Paris, London, Munich, Brussels, and in Brighton, and has had individual exhibitions in Madrid, Barcelona, Bilbao and Valencia. His exhibition at Madrid of 1919 was patronised by the Queen of Spain, who acquired for her own collection one of his paintings. His canvases have been acquired for the Museum of Modern Art in Madrid and the Musée du Luxembourg at Paris. In March and April of 1919 he held an exhibition



"TWILIGHT." FROM THE PAINTING  
BY JOSÉ PINAZO MARTINEZ







EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GRAN  
CAPITAN GONZALO DE CORDOBA  
BY MATEO INURRIA

of his paintings in New York, which achieved a distinct success: there were thirty-two paintings by him shown here. In the recent Spanish Exhibition at Burlington House, besides the *Valencia Poem*, he showed *Tea Rose* and *Twilight*. He has won gold and silver medals in Madrid, Paris, Brussels and Panama. ▀

The sculptor Mateo Inurria Lainosa, two specimens of whose work are shown here—a mounted group of the Spanish leader Gonzalo de Cordoba and a beautiful marble female torso, exhibited this winter at Burlington House under the title of *Forma*—was born himself at

Cordoba on the 23rd of March in 1867. He made his first studies in decorative sculpture with his father, and went later to Madrid, where he went through the Schools of Painting and Sculpture. Inurria had the opportunity of visiting and studying later the masterpieces of ancient and modern art in Italy, France and Belgium, before he settled finally in his own country, where he became Director of the National Art Schools (*Escuela de Artes y Oficios*), a post which entails his residence in Madrid. Mateo Inurria has won medals of the first and second class in National and International Exhibitions, and



## STUDIO-TALK

in the last-named the medal of honour. It may be of interest here to mention some of his most successful works. These are *Naufrago* ("The Shipwreck") in the Provincial Museum of Cordoba; *La Mina del Carbon* ("Coal Mine"), in the National Museum; *Marina* (Monument of Alfonso XII.); *Seneca*; *Lopez de Vega*, *Monumento al Gran Capitan* (mentioned above); *Idolo Eterno*, and *Forma*. Both these last were shown in the recent Spanish Exhibition at Burlington House; the delicacy of modelling and knowledge of form in *Forma* could scarcely be surpassed.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

from the stone will reveal his talent in a new phase.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

ROME.—The piece of sculpture illustrated on page 80 was one of the finds yielded some time ago by the excavation operations in Cyrenaica (Tripoli). The figure is, to judge by the attitude, most likely that of a Bacchante or dancing woman, and probably belongs to the Græco—Roman period; it is particularly interesting on account of the fine modelling of the drapery. Several other statues and some busts also came to light at the same place and time.

VENICE.—The Twelfth International Art Exhibition of Venice, which terminated at the beginning of November, was visited by nearly a quarter-of-a-million people, according to a printed statement issued by the President, and the sales at the date of this public statement amounted to a figure exceeding two-and-half million lire. Of this sum more than a million lire represented the sale of the whole group of works forming the *mostra individuale* of Antonio Mancini. Considering the many difficulties that had to be contended with, and chiefly the disorganisation of the transport service, the results achieved are considered by the Presidenza to be very gratifying. Three auto-portraits of artists were acquired for presentation to the Uffizi Gallery at Florence—one of Mancini, and the others of Ambrogio Alciati and Federico Beltram Masses.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

CHRISTIANIA.—The charming lithograph, *Svanens Tod*, reproduced here, is Professor Olaf Willum's impression, drawn on the stone, of the famous Norwegian dancer, Madame Lillibel's, version of the dance "La Morte du Cygne," with which Madame Pavlova so exquisitely illustrated the lovely music of Saint-Saëns. Professor Willums, of Christiania, painter, etcher, wood-engraver and lithographer, and principal of the largest arts and crafts school in Scandinavia, is not unknown to readers of THE STUDIO, but this beautiful print



"FORMA." BY  
MATEO INURRIA



"SVANENS TOD." FROM AN  
ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY  
OLAF WILLUMS





ANCIENT SCULPTURE  
RECENTLY UNEARTHED  
AT CYRENE



PORTRAIT OF CHESTER  
 D. MASSEY, ESQ.  
 BY F. H. VARLEY  
 (Royal Canadian  
 Academy)

**M**ONTREAL.—The Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition of 1920 was held in the Art Association Galleries in Montreal. It was higher in standard than it has been for many years and contained many pictures of real interest. This was no doubt due in part to the natural recovery from war times, but there were signs that it was also due to a growing interest of the Canadian public in the Fine Arts.

The most interesting exhibits were in landscape. A number of painters are taking their inspiration from the wild scenery of the Canadian woods. Their interpretations as shown in this exhibition ranged from the delicate greys and blacks of Mr. Cullen's snow scenes to the vivid

reds, blues and oranges of Mr. Frank Carmichael or Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald. The Canadian landscape painters can hardly at present be called a "school," and would possibly resent any such appellation, but on their foundation a real school seems to be being built up. As the foundation is broad, so we may hope that the result will be secure. Mr. Cullen's snow scenes are perennially fresh; Mr. Macdonald's *River Valley*, Mr. Frank Johnston's *Beaver Haunts* and Mr. Carmichael's *Autumn Hillside* are sincere attempts to interpret the changing qualities of the woods. Mr. Harry Britton takes his subjects from the sea. His water-colours are strong in colour and form,





"SPRING." PAINTING BY  
MAURICE CULLEN, R.C.A.  
(Royal Canadian Academy)

and his seapiece, *Near Land's End*, is interesting and well painted.     ♦     ♦

The official portrait is not always a fine picture. The more is Mr. Varley to be congratulated on his excellent portrait of Mr. Chester D. Massey from Hart House, Toronto. Mr. Hewton's portrait of Miss Sybil Robertson, on a pale yellow background, was another pleasant departure from the conventional among the exhibits.

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR.

*The Print Collectors' Quarterly*, long and ably edited by Mr. FitzRoy Carrington of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts until 1917 when war conditions necessitated a temporary cessation, makes its reappearance this year under the editorship of Mr. Campbell Dodgson of the British Museum, and will in future be published by Messrs. Dent & Son. Mr. Carrington will act as American editor.     ♦     ♦

## REVIEWS

*The Year's at the Spring. An Anthology of Recent Poetry.* Compiled by L. D'O. WALTERS and illustrated by HARRY CLARKE. (London: George G. Harrap & CO.) Rather more than sixty pieces, representing more than half-as-many authors, all now living except eight, comprise this Anthology, which, though reminders of autumn are not altogether absent, conforms in the general tenour of the selected poems to the title of the book. Mr. Harry Clarke, who has illustrated this selection with some two dozen drawings, of which half are in colour, exclusive of head and tail pieces and other decorations, is an artist of marked individuality, and the imaginative faculty which he possesses in a high degree is well shown in these drawings as it is in those stained glass creations of his of which several examples



" . . . DRUMMING UP THE CHANNEL  
HALING PRIZES IN THEIR WAKE "  
ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CLARKE TO  
E. J. BRADY'S "BALLAD OF THE CAPTAINS"  
(From "The Year's at the Spring," G. G. Harrap & Co.)



## REVIEWS

have been reproduced in this magazine. As showing the quality of his black and white work we give here a reproduction of one of his illustrations to this Anthology in a spirited drawing illustrating Mr. Brady's stirring "Ballad of the Captains"—the captains "of the narrow ships of old, who with valiant souls went seeking for the Fabled Fleece of Gold." The book is attractively got up, the type used being large and well arranged. ♠ ♠

*The Art of E. A. Rickards.* (London: Technical Journals, Ltd.) Mr. Rickards died a few months ago while this publication was in preparation, and so what was intended as a tribute to the living now makes its appearance as a memorial to the dead. One of the most eminent architects of this generation, Mr. Rickards is, perhaps, best known—certainly to dwellers in London—by the Central Hall at Westminster, while Edinburgh, Cardiff and other places have important buildings which will keep alive his great reputation. Drawings of these and other buildings erected from his designs are reproduced on an ample scale in this volume, and with them are reproduced in black and white or colour many public monuments, programmes, lithographs, book illustrations, caricatures, water-colours and sketches of which he was the author, and all of which bear witness to the versatility which was a marked characteristic of this distinguished man. Mr. Arnold Bennett contributes a personal sketch of him, and Mr. H. V. Lanchester an appreciation, while Mr. Amor Fenn has written some notes on the technical aspects of Mr. Rickards' drawings. ♠ ♠ ♠

*Highways and Byways in Northumbria.* By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. With illustrations by HUGH THOMSON. (London: Macmillan & Co.) The several volumes in the delightful "Highways and Byways Series" illustrated wholly or in part by the late Hugh Thomson will, apart from any other work he has left behind him, always ensure respect for his memory. Facile in more mediums than one, he excelled in the use of the lead pencil, and the drawings he made for these volumes show how admirably it could be employed for recording the beauties of Nature and

the romance of old buildings. The region covered by this volume and the companion volume on "The Border," by Andrew Lang, also illustrated by Mr. Thomson, must have made a strong appeal to an artist of such susceptibilities, for it teems with thrilling historic associations, while the character of the country itself is in keeping with the wealth of legendary lore to which it has given birth. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

*An Introduction to the Study of Terra Sigillata.* By FELIX OSWALD and T. DAVIES PRYCE. (London: Longmans & Co.) The term "Terra Sigillata" (literally "stamped" earth or clay—that is, clay with figures or patterns impressed upon it) is used by the authors of this treatise to denote the red glaze ware so frequently found on Roman sites in the western provinces of the Empire and formerly designated by the erroneous title "Samos ware." The ware herein dealt with comprehends, however, a good deal of pottery which is not strictly speaking sigillate, being either quite devoid of decoration or having decoration of a different character. The subject is treated from a chronological standpoint, details of technique, form, decoration and design being discussed in regard to their bearing on the question of date. The authors have obviously devoted an immense amount of time and thought to it, and the wide range of their knowledge is everywhere in evidence, especially in the chapter on the origin and evolution of the ware. The plates are over eighty in number and comprise many hundreds of figures, and there is a very comprehensive bibliography of the subject. ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

The Medici Society has issued a reprint of the Ricciardi Press edition of Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, which was published in 1911 with a series of beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. W. Russell Flint, R.W.S. The new reprint is of a smaller format (small crown quarto) than the original issue, but otherwise the impressions are the same. The work forms two volumes of about 500 pages each, and Caxton's text, as reprinted a few years ago by Dr. Sommer, has been closely followed, but modernized spelling has been adopted where necessary. ♠ ♠

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(Continued from page 7)



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Competition has always been the determining factor in the production of the "book beautiful." In early days when emperors wished concessions from popes, dukes from emperors, and monasteries from dukes, every effort was made to excel the grandeur of previous gifts. Thus, for example, the books given by Justinian to Pope Hormisdas were written with gold and silver inks, and on vellum stained with the precious Tyrian purple dye. They were decorated with minium, imported at exorbitant cost from India or Spain, and with lapis-lazuli from Persia, the covers being made of plates of wrought gold studded with gems. The names of many of the artists engaged in such work are recorded. A few centuries later books became even more costly. The value of several books when stated in terms of our own money would exceed \$50,000. The Elector of Bavaria once offered a town for a single book, but the monks realizing that he could easily take the town again, had sufficient foresight to refuse this magnificent proposition. It is not surprising that books of this type were chained for safe keeping.

In the production of some of the later books, the writing was often done by the local calligrapher, while the decorated borders were executed by a designer in another city or even country and the illuminations and miniatures by an artist in still another section. Thus a book might be written in England, decorated in Italy or by an Italian in England, and its miniatures painted in Flanders, where Van Eyck, Metsys, Mabuse, Memling and others painted, or were closely imitated or copied in the illustrated letters. These books were not all of a religious character, for law books, classical works, and romances were almost as common and often more elaborate than those used for divine services.

When the printed book was introduced it had a strong competitor in the hand-executed one, and the competition was so keen, that if the church had not favored and in some instances supported presses, the great invention of printing might have been abandoned for a period. Probably the first press so sustained was at Subiaco, near Rome about 1464. The resemblance between the first products of the printed press and contemporaneous manuscripts is very striking indeed. The type-forms closely followed the formal hand of the scribes; the pages were often sheets of vellum; the decorated initials were put in by rubricators, and even illuminations and miniatures were often added. This effort on the part of the early printers spurred the various schools of illuminators to put forth their best work. It is interesting to note

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New York City

that during the period of about twenty-five years in which this rivalry existed, probably the finest products in printing and in manuscript were produced. Many beautiful volumes were written for Matthias Corvinus of Hungary, that most fastidious patron, who was for a long time hostile to printed books; for Alphonso I of Naples; for the Sforzas of Milan; for the Medici of Florence and Rome; and for the Duke of Urbino. The last became enraged when asked to grant a concession for a printing press in his neighbourhood and many spoke sneeringly of the so-called discovery that had been made "by a barbarian from a German city."

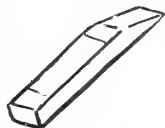
To reduce the expense of the printed page and add to its interest, artists were engaged to cut wood-blocks, first for initials, and later for illustrations. These were frequently hand-coloured and illuminated and thus the cost of a book often nearly equalled that of a manuscript. Schoeffer, an illuminator and instructor in penmanship in Paris, was employed by Gutenberg to enrich his work. He cut in wood the decorative letters and devised a method for printing in two colours, a practice which led to the use of wood-block illustration with movable type. Dürer, a master, cut six hundred and eighty-five wood-blocks to make some two thousand portraits of the curious publication "Nuremberg Chronicles." Substitution became a common practice: the illustration for Paris of Troy answered for Dante, that of Ptolemy V for Manassas, and cities were likewise repeated under various headings. Dürer, Holbein, Cranach, Mantegna and Giovanni Bellini were engaged by these early scholarly artist-printers of Germany and Italy. The publishers of this early period realized the necessity of having beautiful type and Aldus engaged Francesco Raibolini, a painter, goldsmith and medalist to cut his type, taking, it is said, the handwriting of Petrarch as a model. A little later, Geofroy Tory, an engraver, designer and university professor, wrote "Champfleury," a curious exposition of the formation of letters. This book was followed four years later by that of Dürer.

With the use of etching and engraving on copper and steel, and the elimination of the scribe as a rival, in the following four centuries, books with only an occasional exception, became dull, uninteresting and inartistic. In 1890 William Morris began to redeem the printed page. Keen modern business competition has caused the present revival and growth of good printing. It has been said that manufacturers of pig-iron demand better printing than do art

(Concluded on page 14)



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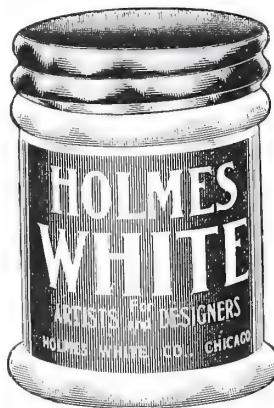
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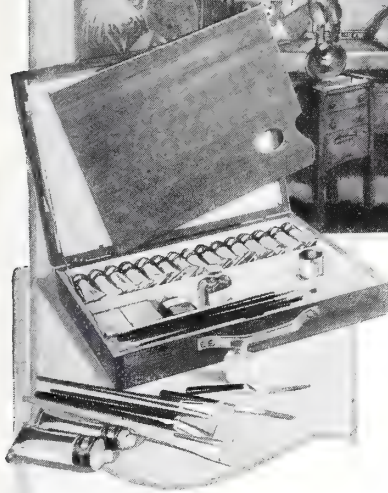
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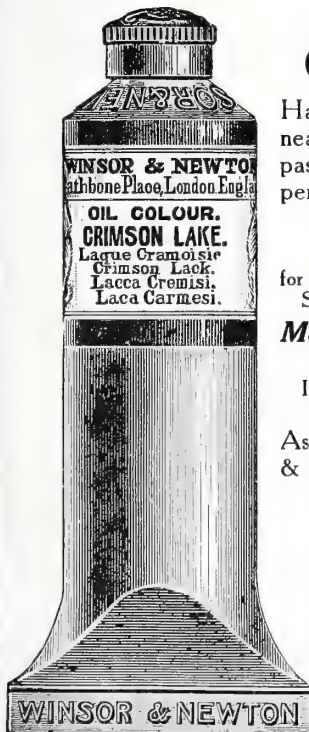
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(Continued from page 11)

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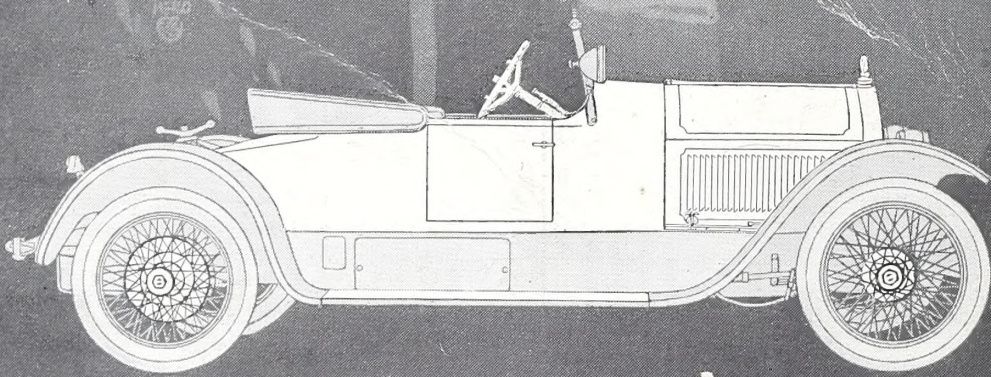
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